JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 7, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1212.
Vol. XLVI

OVER A MILLION SALE

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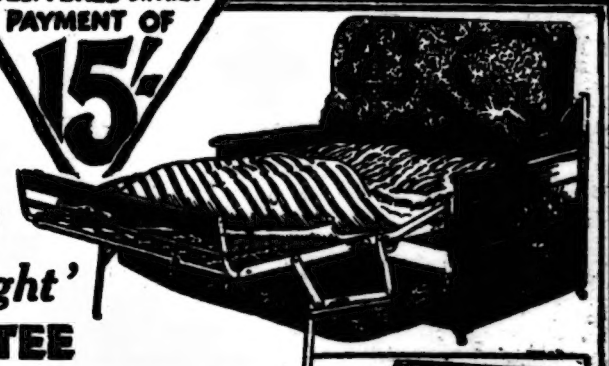

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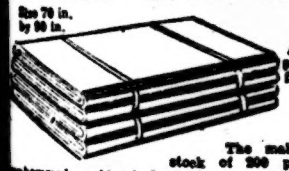

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Peace Plan Up a Sleeve—Eyes on Party Machine

Railways Busy Feeding

Musso to be Matchless

ALTHOUGH they are proceeding with a quietness which contrasts strikingly with the clamour raised at The Hague, the negotiations between the American Ambassador and the Prime Minister bid fair to prove the most important international event since the war.

Indeed, the despatches passing between General Dawes and President Hoover just now are probably among the most momentous documents in the world's history.

• • •

Both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover are anxious to go far beyond the mere settlement of Anglo-American differences in naval disarmament.

Mr. Hoover is believed to have vast peace plans up his sleeve, and we will not be surprised if dramatic developments occur at the conclusion of the present informal parleys.

The difficulties to be overcome are, however, enormous, and may in the end daunt even these two formidable principals.

Thank them, too

The triumphant welcome given to Mr. Snowden has rather overshadowed the fine work done at The Hague by his colleagues, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Graham.

"Uncle Arthur" Henderson's tact was the deciding factor in the discussions which ended in a decision to evacuate all German occupied territory by Allied troops.

Mr. Graham's handling of the reparations-in-kind problem will ease unemployment in Britain considerably. It is he who is responsible for the agreement whereby the Italian Government has pledged itself to buy large quantities of British coal for years to come.

On the spot

The present Government does not mean to lose touch with its Party machine, as did the Conservatives, with disastrous consequences to themselves.

Four Cabinet Ministers are seeking election to the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party at the coming annual conference. They are Mr. Clynes, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. George Lansbury, and Mr. J. H. Thomas.

Then there is the Prime Minister, who has been nominated unopposed as Treasurer of the Party, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Secretary, who is honorary secretary and an *ex-officio* member of the executive.

Altogether, therefore, the Cabinet is likely to occupy six seats on the Party Executive, the body that controls the Party machine.

The closing grip

Investors who have stood out of the market in British railway stocks are now coming back into it.

This is very good news, because, although the aggregate capital of the British railway companies exceeds £1,000,000,000, its market value at present is not much more than half that sum.

The future of our railway companies is now much brighter, because the control of their erstwhile competitors, the motor-transport companies, is passing more and more into their hands.

The London and North Eastern and London, Midland and Scottish Companies alone have already concluded working agreements with no less than thirty-six motor-transport undertakings.

This means not only the elimination of competition, but also the feeding of the railways with passengers and goods traffic which the road companies collect.

The gradual improvement in the coal, iron and steel industries is proving also an important factor in brightening the railways' future, though not necessarily that of the travelling public.

The world's bobby

The only amusing aspect of the Palestine trouble is that it has given rise in the American Press to violent attacks against Great Britain's unpreparedness.

The newspapers which now accuse us of having left the Palestine Jews without sufficient protection are those which have most volubly accused this country of unwillingness to disarm.

They appear to forget that the British fighting services have a quarter of the earth to police.

A family quarrel

When the leaders of the Conservative Party return from their holidays they will find themselves engaged in a domestic battle over the place of Safeguarding on the Party programme.

Will he form a cave?

Sir H. Page Croft and his friends are convinced that more Safeguarding means more votes, but the Party chiefs are inclined to regard it as a dud stunt.

Then Sir H. Page Croft and his enthusiasts will probably form a Protectionist Party of their own as a counterpart to the Communist Party at the other end of our political life.

After all, it is perhaps better that those who have been bitten by a dogma, whether Protectionist or Communist, should go and bark in their own little corner.

Bad for coal

The tariff increase for which the German railways are battling with the Government is likely to have an appreciable effect on the export of British coal to Central Europe.

The German railways are "in pawn" to the tune of about £500,000,000, the interest on which goes towards the payment of reparations. It is to meet this heavy burden that they propose to increase their rates.

So far the comparative cheapness of German railway rates has helped British exporters to Central Europe to hold their ground. But the proposed increase would still further weaken our footing in many Continental markets.

Laying it out

There has been a growing tendency lately on the part of certain trade unions to increase their funds by embarking on "safe" Stock Exchange operations instead of allowing the union's money to lie in the bank.

"Their very astute secretary"

The Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers is the latest to do so. On the suggestion of its very astute secretary, Mr. George Hicks, they called in two financial experts, the result of whose advice is that £20,000 has been invested at about 2 per cent. more than it was earning at the bank.

The securities bought are expected to show considerable capital appreciation during the next few years.

Food first

The hope raised by Sir William Waters Butler, the brewer, of a reduction in the beer duty in the next Budget is not likely to materialise.

It is not yet certain that Mr. Snowden will have a sufficiently large surplus to dispose of, and even if he has, he has decided that the abolition of the various food duties must come first.

Hope-on-Tees

Important developments are now in progress for the extension of the chemical industry in this country. The Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrate Company of Middlesbrough has recently acquired a large tract of land and harbour rights at Graythorpe on the Tees.

This branch of Imperial Chemical Industries, which already employs 10,000 men in the production of fertilisers, now intends building its own harbour. If present plans are carried out, the staff will be doubled within the next few months.

This would considerably relieve the unemployment situation around the Tees district.

Uncle Sam sits up

Our exposure of the Firestone Rubber Company's conduct of their Liberian plantations is being quoted widely in the Press throughout the United States and Canada.

We hope that our picture of another side of Mr. Firestone's organisation—so different from his model factories—will give them something to think about; particularly when they remember his grandiose schemes and his furious anti-British propaganda of a few years ago.

It is gratifying to know that a Committee of Enquiry is commencing investigation at Washington into these slavery charges, and we can confidently predict some sensational disclosures.

Matches, but no sparks

Mussolini is now preparing to sell the Italian match monopoly, which is at present State-owned, to the gigantic Swedish Match Company, which already controls most of the world's supply of matches.

He wants a large sum of money for road and other developments, and thinks he can get it on better terms in this way than floating a loan in the international financial centres.

As there is no one to dispute his word, negotiations are going more smoothly than is usually the case with Governments.

Probably the Italian people will be told nothing about the deal until the money has been paid over.

"Exploded" lyddite?

The recent fatal explosions on British warships suggest that the time has come for an enquiry by independent experts as to the suitability of the high explosives used in the Navy.

Lyddite has many disadvantages, but is still being used in spite of the experiences of the war. In the opinion of some experts, our heavy losses in the Battle of Jutland were directly attributable to the fact that our ships were using lyddite.

This type of shell is easily exploded accidentally—and the theory is that most of our losses were due not to the weight of the enemy bombardment, but to the blowing up of the ships' magazines after ignition by German shells.

He beat it

Germans of all classes are keenly discussing what the ex-Kaiser is likely to do now that the ban on his return to Germany is no longer to be enforced.

Messages from Doorn state that William at the moment has no intention of leaving Holland. But it is considered likely that he will change his mind. He is conceited enough to think his shameful flight from his army and his country at the hour of defeat is forgotten.

He is still by far the richest German, and possesses, in Germany, vast estates and great castles. A recent estimate put his personal fortune at fifteen million pounds.

His reward

What is a fitting reward for a man who retires at the age of seventy after having served his country all his life?

The Manchester County Court authorities seem to think ten shillings a week is a sufficient pension for such an one.

Mr. G. Heyman, the unfortunate man in question, served the county court for twenty-nine years altogether. Previously he was twelve years in the Army and five years in the Police Force.

And now he can look forward to still more years of public service in the workhouse.

They disgorged

It appears that the Ministry of Pensions is not the only Government Department which tries to withhold from pensioners awards that are legally theirs.

Take the case of Mr. Thomas Hunt, of Dorking. Mr. Hunt lost his left leg as a result of injuries sustained in the Navy in 1909; and when he applied for an increase of his pension of £20 11s. a year, the Admiralty did not consider it worth while even to reply.

Our Pensions Department, therefore, took up the matter, and has now been notified, not only that Mr. Hunt's pension has been increased to £43 18s. a year for life, but that arrears amounting to nearly £250 have been granted.

Surely, if further evidence that independent advice and aid for pensioners is needed, this supplies it.

Dark spots

Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., and Colonel J. C. Wedgwood, M.P., are both doing valuable work in fighting the recruiting of native labour by force in the British colonies in Africa, a scandal to which we lately called attention.

Mr. Brockway, friend of slaves

It was owing to their vigorous action that a clause was inserted in the recent Colonial Development Bill prohibiting the use of forced labour on State-aided schemes.

This is a distinct advance on anything accomplished before, and we hope that private employers in the colonies will follow the example that is to be set by the Colonial Governments in this matter.

No other term but slavery can be applied to the system of recruiting labour by applying official pressure to native chiefs.

Mr. Fenner Brockway has just furnished the Colonial Office with particulars of cases in Uganda where men have been whipped and sentenced to three months' rigorous imprisonment for refusing to work on the railway.

Steel boost

British steel firms are at long last realising the value of advertisement. One big group, the United Steel Companies, is organising an extensive publicity campaign at home and abroad, pointing out the merits of its products.

This is an excellent sign of the new spirit in the heavy industries.

Asking for it

Defalcations by secretaries of loan clubs and small friendly societies are becoming so numerous that the Public Auditor has been compelled to point out, in a report to the Treasury, the desirability of professional auditors being employed to examine the accounts of these bodies.

In the case of one working men's loan society, where defalcations had been going on for a number of years, he says: "It is to be regretted that the rules of the society allow the appointment of members as auditors, who, however well meaning, have not the necessary qualification to act in such capacity. In my opinion, had the audit been carried out by a professional accountant any deficiency would have been detected in the year in which it arose."

In this case the secretary got away with £740.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Good safeguarding

It is gratifying to learn that the British Passport Office is adopting the fullest precautions to prevent girls and young women being lured out to South America by offers of commercial posts, which are simply so much bait thrown out to catch them for other purposes.

In addition to providing reports on the status of employers in South America, the Passport Office refuses to allow girls and young women to leave this country for Buenos Ayres and other parts, unless they can show that, in the event of wishing to come back, they will be in possession of their return fare.

By this means the Passport Office ensures that no girl need be driven to a life of shame in a South American city, merely because she is stranded there.

Motor merger snags

The promoters of the scheme for merging six or eight motor-manufacturing companies into one great combine for the mass production of 10 and 20 h.p. models only have come up against one or two difficulties.

There is strong difference of opinion among the manufacturers as to the precise nature of the designs for the new cars.

Also, the problem of where the cars are to be produced, whether in one large new factory or in those of the existing works that are fairly close together, is difficult of solution.

Meanwhile employers and employed in the companies concerned are in a state of great uncertainty, and one firm has practically closed down the private-car site of its work until the discussions have been settled.

Flourishing without Bloom

Not the least of the evils connected with wild-cat company-promoting is the damage which may be done to the good name of the product which the company markets.

A case in point was the flotation of a guinea gramophone, one of several ventures which we mentioned in a recent criticism of the financial methods of a Mr. Maurice Bart Bloom.

We wish to make it quite clear that we were in no way criticising the merits of guinea gramophones.

Also, it is only fair for the public to know that the brief connection of Bloom with the company has now been completely severed, and that good progress is being made.

Make 'em smile

"Only girls who know how to smile need apply" runs an advertisement for a kinema attendant.

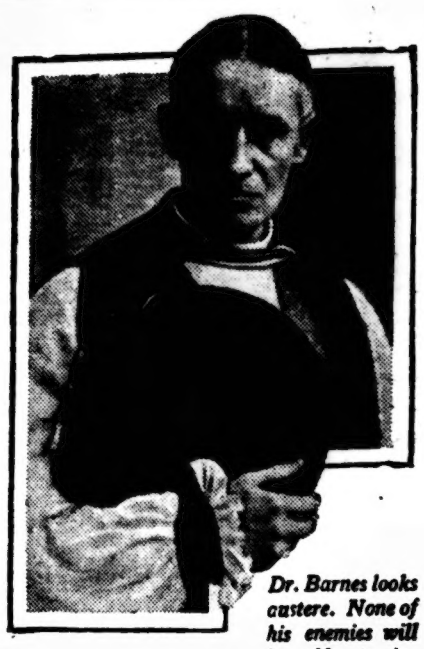
Many kinema girls are obliged to subsist largely on pittances, and have little enough reason to smile. We hope the advertiser is an exception. He should then have no trouble at all in finding happy-faced employees.

Black and "white"

"Kind-heart" Harper, a West Indian, who has just died in Manchester, was an object-lesson to many of us. He devoted all his life to the alleviation of the suffering and wants of others, and did not do it with other people's money.

He was a qualified doctor, but since he would not accept fees, could not earn a living that way.

He entered into business, but though his income would have been adequate under ordinary circumstances, he still went without the necessities of life because he could not resist giving away his money.



Dr. Barnes looks austere. None of his enemies will be able to intimidate him

Barnes' stormers

Moves are being made behind the scenes to oust the Bishop of Birmingham from his diocese—but the intrigues are not likely to succeed.

Part of the campaign consists in a continuous bombardment of the Archbishop of Canterbury with letters complaining of the Bishop's outspoken utterances.

But Dr. Barnes does not mean to be intimidated from interpreting the truth as he sees it; and he has let his opponents in his own diocese see that he is not the man to resign a post because it is made uncomfortable for him.

Little Mary's morning tea

Working girls in this country will be pleased to hear the story of little Mary Molan, of far-away Sydney.

Mary is a work-girl in a hosiery company. And all was well with her until the firm failed to provide her morning tea, as the law requires it to do.

So Mary took the matter to court, and lo! the firm was severely fined for its omission. Thereafter Mary *did* get tea. English factory girls will note Mary's case with interest.

Creased Christianity

At a recent weekday service in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral the verger insisted on drawing a fine distinction between well-to-do visitors and those who looked as if they might have come by charabanc.

Gentlemen with creases in their trousers were respectfully ushered into the choir-stalls, while those in comfortable "bags" were firmly diverted to mere chairs lower down the aisle.

It was an illuminating exercise in dividing the sheep from the goats, and no doubt the worthy verger would be scandalised if it were suggested that his nice social distinctions found no place in the Thirty-nine Articles.

Honesty did not pay

His suspicions having been aroused, James Leach, a second-hand bookseller of Bridgend, made enquiries at the County Library and discovered that a number of books he had purchased were that library's property.

The thieves, Annie Johns and her daughter, were fined £7 between them. But the unfortunate bookseller, who, according to the police, bore an irreproachable character, was fined £5 for being negligent in his purchases.

R.A.B.

Journalism has lost a doughty fighter and JOHN BULL an old friend with the death of Mr. R. A. Bennett, editor of *Truth* for twenty years, and for forty years a member of its staff.

Though not widely known to the public, Bennett was one of the most brilliant journalists of his generation. His knowledge of affairs was amazing, and his gift of literary expression vivid and varied. Our sympathy is with those he has left.

Board can't face it

We drew attention last week to the shocking practice of herding together in asylums persons in different stages of mental disorder.

A case in point has been brought forward by the Pontypridd Board of Guardians. Mr. Ivor W. Thomas, an ex-chairman of the Board, states that the sight of some of the inmates of the Glamorgan Asylum has so deeply affected certain members of the Board that they have refused to visit it again.

Some of the women members have been unable to sleep at night after inspecting the asylum.

Slaves of the lamp

The suicide of a patient at Whipps Cross Hospital brought to light the fact that a single night nurse was expected to look after a ward containing thirty or thirty-five cases for twelve hours at a stretch.

This is a dark spot in hospital administration which is to be found in many institutions other than the one involved in this instance.

The opinion of the juror that the night nurse's hours of duty should be cut down to six may be a policy of perfection, but no one can deny that a considerable curtailment is necessary, not only in the interests of patients, but for the welfare of the nurses, so many of whom throughout the country are veritable slaves of the lamp.

Rye reactions

The Rye Lifeboat Fund mismanagement, which has now fortunately been settled, is a possible reason for the Gillingham Fire Fund not having met with the support it deserves.

He should ban haggling

"Money is still urgently required for the Mayor's Fund," says Sir Robert Gower, M.P. for Gillingham, "if the widows and dependents of those who lost their lives in this tragedy are to be provided for."

If Sir Robert gave his assurance that there will be no haggling, and that the fund will be properly administered, he would most likely find that further contributions would be forthcoming.

In any case, it is high time that some central organisation were set up to deal with such emergency funds.

Bravo, Polly!

Cullercoats, Northumberland, must be proud of its fishwives. This year they have made a record collection for the lifeboats, raising over £140.

For the past eight years they have made this collection annually, and they have now raised nearly £900.

One of these splendid women, Mrs. Polly Donkin, collected £52—a larger sum than the total contribution which many towns make to the lifeboats.

As you were

You will remember we told you that Mr. Beverley Baxter is back again with the *Daily Express*.

We find that the real facts were that Mr. Baxter had such a handsome offer made to him by the *Daily Express* to remain with that paper that he went to Mr. William Harrison of the *Daily Chronicle* and put the position to him.

Mr. Harrison and his colleagues generously released Mr. Baxter from his £10,000-a-year contract with the *Daily Chronicle*—a real "sporting" action.

The Wisdom of 6 MILES a Minute

by the Rt Hon. SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

Sir Samuel was Secretary of State for Air during the five-year life of the Baldwin Government. Our Schneider Trophy achievement was planned and built up by him

FOR several years I have had much to do with the British entry for the Schneider Trophy. In theory, it is an unofficial race, organised by flying clubs and flown without Government support.

Sometime, it is hoped, it will so become in ractice, but for the time being the pace is so ot, the expense so great, the training and uipment so complicated that no private per- n or unofficial body can stand the racket, and ly teams and machines that are backed by overnments have a chance of winning.

Whilst, therefore, the formal entry is ade by the Royal Aero Club, the team is mposed of Air Force officers and airmen, the achines are the property of the Air Ministry. nd the greater part of the expense is borne pon Air Force votes.

"Why," it is often said, "should the overnment spend money upon any air race? he Government does not spend money upon inning the Derby of the land. Why should it bsidise an entry for the Derby of the air? hat is the good of it all, even if we win?"

The blue riband of the air is one of the st advertisements that the industry can tain, and at a time when we are searching r new outlets for British exports such an dvertisement cannot possibly be neglected.

One of the most difficult problems of air velopment has been the problem of an indus- y depending almost entirely upon Govern- ent orders and liable to sudden fluctuations s a result of Government policy.

Best advertisement

YEAR in and year out I did what I could to give it greater stability by helping it to find new markets in foreign countries. I gard our entry in the Schneider Trophy as a ost important incident in our campaign for ritish trade, and I regard a victory as better an almost any other advertisement of the ex- llence of British aeroplanes and aero-engines.

But there is another equally strong reason hy the race is of great importance to all of us. t a moment when the country needs to ecome air-minded, the contest stresses in most conspicuous and dramatic way the pro- ress that aviation is making in the world, nd forces us to ponder upon what these hanges mean to the British Empire.

Only the other day we were celebrating he twentieth anniversary of Blériot's flight er the Channel, and now a visit to Croydon the Tempelhofer Feld in Berlin shows airway rminі that compare favourably with the great irway stations of Europe.

Time and again great flights from one end the world to the other are carried out by the me men who a few years ago counted it an hievement to remain ten minutes in the air.

An ordinary Minister like myself thinks othing of flying forty or fifty thousand miles uring his term of office, and his journeys are ken by the public as a matter of course. A ell-known Duchess goes to India and back in ttle more than a week, and no one seems rprised.

Perhaps most significant of all these changes, the machine that wins the Schneider Trophy has to fly eight times as fast as the winner of the first race, flown but fifteen years ago. Let everyone who is following the contest think of the revolution in the world that these happenings illustrate, and their supreme importance to the British Empire and its future.

The race for the Schneider Trophy is the very embodiment of speed, and speed is one of the qualities that the British Empire pre-eminently needs for its development.

Richer and stronger

SUPPOSING that the speed of the aeroplane and the airship can expedite Imperial communications, and eliminate at least two-thirds of the distances that divide Great Britain from the Dominions and the Colonies, will not the Empire become immensely richer and stronger than it is at present?

Then, again, the race starts a chain of thought along the line of Imperial defence. The air has blown away the island defences of Great Britain, and hostile invaders can within an hour, or even minutes, penetrate into the heart of the country.

This situation, until the war completely incredible, creates for us the most difficult problem of home defence that has ever faced British Governments. I cannot enter into its details in this article, but I can say that one of its vital factors is the factor of what is known as performance—that is to say, the speed, endurance and manœuvrability of our machines.

The work on the Schneider Trophy Glosters and Supermarines is of real help to us in our task of improving performance, just as the breeding of thoroughbreds raises the general standard of horses, or the motor-racing of thirty years ago made possible the touring-cars of to-day.

We must defend

BUT apart from the problem of home defence, there is the even wider problem of Imperial defence. How can we maintain our scattered defences stretching over the greater part of the world at a time when everything costs so much more than before the war, and when the country is still staggering under the war debt?

Here, again, I can only point in answer to our Schneider Trophy machines. Look at them dashing more quickly than sound through the air. Think of them and their pilots moving six miles a minute, and apply these evidences of speed to the problem of the Empire's defence.

In the Middle East we have already shown that a few squadrons of aeroplanes concentrated upon certain points, free at a moment's notice to fly at a hundred miles an hour to any threatened area, are far cheaper, and, what is more, far more efficient, than many packets of troops tied up in forts and barbed wire, and able at best to garrison a few miles of surrounding territory.

The engines on our high-speed machines must roar into our ears this vital lesson of the economy and efficiency that comes from the utilisation of speed and that we have applied with such good effect in Iraq, Aden, and on the north-west frontier of India.

In making these comments on the race, I have left myself little time to speak of the teams and their machines. Fortunately, the daily papers have already described these wonder craft in such detail that I need not enter into their technicalities. I will confine myself to a single instance to illustrate the fineness of their design and the meticulous care that has been devoted to it.

At one stage in our programme it was discovered that the way in which the rivets were inserted into the outer structure made a difference of several miles an hour to the machines.

A matter of a fraction of an inch, and yet the difference between victory and defeat! Never indeed has there been a better instance of what the poet William Blake calls "the labouring of the minute particulars."

Not star stunters

OF the team itself it is sufficient to say that it is composed of typical officers and men of the finest Air Force in the world. The Royal Air Force is one of the three great defence Services of the Crown. It is not an organisation for producing a few star turns. It is a body of officers and men engaged upon serious and often very perilous work.

This is one of the principal reasons that explains the choice of a new team for this year's race. Two years ago, our pilots at Venice were superb, and nothing grieved me more than the tragedy that cost Flight-Lieutenant Kinkhead his brilliant life.

But, superb as they were, they were eager to admit that there were equally good pilots amongst their brother officers. The achievements of the new team will show that skill and dash are not the monopoly of a few star officers, but the common possession of the thirty thousand officers and men who make up the whole Force.

To-day I take off my hat to this gallant company, and I wish their chosen team every success from the bottom of my heart.

And if the honours should go to Italy, then our team will have lost to brave gentlemen and worthy rivals.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

ZION'S ROARING LION

The Truth E-"merges" at Last—Ban London's Colour Bar Don't Dare to Kiss Baby!

Dr. CHAIM WEIZMANN,
President, World Zionist Organisation

SIR,—Your high-handed criticism of the British Government in connection with the Palestine disorders deserves reproof.

The British Government was mistaken in ever accepting the mandate for Palestine, which has proved nothing but a burden to the nation. But had we not shouldered this burden, the Zionists would still be clamouring for "recognition."

Your sweeping denunciations give support to the Moslem claim that from behind the shield with which the British Government covers you in Palestine you and your followers have been quite as much to blame for the trouble as the disaffected Arabs.

JOHN BULL.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY,
Chesterfield House, Mayfair, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I am delighted to learn that you have consented to lay the foundation-stone of the great new building that is to be constructed for Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital.

You have grown from Mary the maid into Mary the mother, learning sympathy with all womanhood.

In identifying yourself with the development of this institution you will make your way into the hearts of many who are too often despised, for Queen Charlotte's has always succoured without charge those victims of human frailty, unmarried mothers brought to bed with their first child.

That alone will give your action grace and sweetness. JOHN BULL.

Miss MAGGIE BYRNES,
29, Canal Side, Chester

DEAR MAGGIE,—I am glad to hear that your gallantry in saving a six-year-old girl from drowning has been publicly rewarded.

You learnt to swim only a few weeks previously, but still you tackled your none too easy task without hesitation.

You are only sweet seventeen; but you are already worth a hundred such cowardly fops as those young men who, from the canal side, watched you floundering in the water, afraid, as they feebly put it, of wetting their clothes.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. Sir JOSEPH WARD,
Prime Minister of New Zealand

SIR,—You have expressed the strongest disapproval of the cable-wireless merger from the point of view of the Empire's future.

But that is, unfortunately, not the only point of view from which it is wrong.

It has on more than one occasion been characterised in these pages as a grave public scandal by which the taxpayers will be robbed of many millions of pounds.

The only people it will profit are a small clique who are rich enough already.

JOHN BULL.

LORD DESBOROUGH, *Chairman, Hotels and Restaurants Association*

MY LORD,—I am amazed to learn that a distinguished American negro who is on a visit to this country has been refused admission to more than thirty London hotels.

That this should occur in the metropolis of an Empire embracing millions of coloured people is a matter for grave concern.

Many of our big hotels are largely staffed with dagoes and other aliens. There can be no possible excuse for allowing such persons to enforce a ban which affects some of the most loyal and valued subjects of the King-Emperor.

Nor will Indian agitators fail to make capital from this incident, and proclaim that London hates a "coloured" skin

See to it that this disgraceful state of affairs is speedily remedied.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAY HALKETT,
Marylebone Police Court, W.

KIND SIR,—Your solicitude for those who come before you is rather oppressive.

To make a practice of remanding in custody persons who have not been in prison before in order "to give them a fright and make them dislike prison" is rather like punishing them a little just in case.

How about the poor innocents to whom, as it is, the ordeal of trial is an unmerited affliction?

I feel sure you will understand me far better if some day you happen to be brought up on a false charge yourself.

JOHN BULL.

GENERAL BALBO,
Under-Secretary of State for Air, Rome

MY DEAR GENERAL.—Congratulations on your eleventh-hour decision not to withdraw the Italian team from the Schneider Trophy Race, notwithstanding its chapter of misfortunes and the tragic death of its gallant leader, Captain Motta.

You say it would be unsportsmanlike to draw back at the last moment.

That is a consideration which does you honour, and which we in this country value, I think, particularly highly. After all, win or lose, the game's the thing, and I am confident that your team will give a great account of itself.

JOHN BULL.

LADY LETTICE LYGON,
13, Belgrave Square, S.W.

DEAR LETTY,—Aren't you a scream? There is nothing in having one's tonsils removed nowadays, but being a bright young person, you intend to give a party after the operation and put your natty little tonsils on view in a bottle.

To make the whole affair just one big joke, the surgeon and the anæsthetist will be present in their overalls.

This sort of unsavoury nonsense disgraces the honourable name you bear.

JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON,
Rhode Island, U.S.A.

DEAR TOMMY,—I must smack you on the buck as you near your eightieth birthday for the wonderful old sport that you are in making another effort to recover the most famous yacht-racing trophy in the world.

Millions must have raised to their lips the cup that cheers but not inebriates to provide you with the quarter of a million pounds that you have already spent in trying to recover the America Cup for this country.

Millions more will toast you if *Shamrock V.* enables you to lift the cup and fill it with champagne.

What I like about your effort is that it is entirely a personal one. Good luck to you! JOHN BULL.

Dr. CHARLES V. CRASTER,
Health Officer, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

DEAR DOC.,—While visiting these shores, you tried to impress us with your pet scheme of stopping mothers and others kissing their babies by fitting out the kiddies with bibs bearing the words "Do not kiss me."

I guess you'll be old bones, as you would say, before you stop mothers wanting to kiss their babies.

And you want to abolish hand-shaking, too! Then what's to become of the sign of friendship, "Hands across the sea"?

It's a long way from New Jersey to Old England, so I'll content myself with wagging a warning finger at you.

JOHN BULL.

M. GASTON DOUMERGUE,
President of the French Republic

MONSIEUR,—I have watched with surprise the unbridled attitude of the French Press towards Mr. Snowden.

So greatly have the French people been misled by the Press that it was found advisable to cut pictures of Mr. Snowden from the news films in the Paris kinemas.

It was not always so. I can remember well the time when, as we marched in endless battalions through your country, you hailed us as saviours.

Since then we have not changed. Have you? JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

SIR SYDNEY SKINNER: "Do not believe that it is money that makes enjoyment in life."

If a man cannot enjoy his money himself, he can provide enjoyment for others with it.

* * *

BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH: "We ought to banish the phrase 'the educated class' from our vocabulary."

The simplest way to do so is by educating the masses.

* * *

MR. PATRICK BRAYBROOKE: "British literature has gone war-mad."

On the contrary, British authors are turning the light of sanity on war-time madness.

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MR. FRANK ROWLAND (East Lancashire Coroner): "Dirt-track racing is as bad as bull-fighting."

We suppose you think that cruelty to motor-cycles is just as wicked as cruelty to horses and bulls.

The Sentence of the Court:

NOT DEAD—*but Sleeping*

From Lighthouse to Morgue

GLANCING up from the engrossing occupation of tying complicated knots in a piece of red tape, Sir Horace P. Hamilton pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of sleeping while on duty.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, and, for the information of those who are vague about the precise functions of this costly department, I may mention that one of its duties is to administer the Companies Act.

"There is, in fact, a special department of the Board which was set up to see that the Act is complied with and to frustrate the knavish tricks of those who seek to sell citizens a pup disguised as the Blue Bird of Happiness.

"Under the Act, the Board is empowered to appoint one or more inspectors to investigate the affairs of any public company. Yet every year dozens of companies whose affairs have shrieked for investigation die natural or unnatural deaths without the Board having moved a hand, much less a well-booted foot.

"Its latest failure in this respect concerns the 'Blue Bird' scandal. Francis Lorang, the man behind this ramp, ran five companies, the first of which obtained between one and two million pounds from the public, and from the start was suspiciously dilatory in supplying the Board with proper returns.

"While the Board, although its attention had been directed to the matter, was busy doing nothing, Lorang was busy forming company after company and taking fresh capital from the public. Yet all the time the first company went on ignoring the Act which the Board has a special department to enforce."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that thousands of companies were registered at Somerset House, and it was impossible to keep track of all of them. To condemn the Board every time there was a case of fraud was as unreasonable as it would be to criticise Scotland Yard every time a murder was committed.

It was all very well for the prosecution to cry out against the Board, but its officials merely grew bored when every foolish investor in the country blamed it for his own ridiculous lack of foresight and caution. You might as well blame the Ministry of Transport every time a jay-walker was killed by an unfortunate motorist.

* * *

"The analogy drawn by counsel for the defence is singularly misleading," said Mr. Justice Bull, "for the Board's special department, if efficiently conducted, could prevent a great deal of fraud.

"But instead of warning investors of danger ahead, it holds futile inquests on the (exceedingly) 'dear' departed. So that what was intended to be a lighthouse has degenerated into a morgue.

"Under the reign of Dilly and Dally fraudulent company-promoting is as easy as falling off (or rolling) a log. And the inactivity of Dally where rogues are concerned is only exceeded by the fervour of Dilly in demanding all kinds of unnecessary returns, details and documents from old-established firms conducting legitimate businesses.

"Though the prisoner may not be personally responsible either for the waste of energy in one direction or the lack of it in another, he cannot escape official responsibility.

"I must therefore direct that two inspectors be appointed to investigate this matter of concern and ascertain whether the prisoner and his fellow-bureaucrats are as bankrupt of perspicacity and initiative as the evidence suggests."

MILITARY ADVENTURER'S *Diamonds and Clubs*

It was luxury country clubs like this that inspired most of the colonel's eloquence. The portrait is of M. Krassin

SO much money provided by the public has lately been lost by worthless companies in the swamps and jungles of British Guiana that our readers should be on their guard against invitation to subscribe to further schemes in that country.

Particularly do we warn them to examine with an outsize microscope any proposition with which the name of Lieut.-Colonel Frederick John Roberts, an undischarged bankrupt, is associated.

For the past ten years Roberts has been an adventurer engaged in promoting wild-cat schemes of finance on money borrowed and never repaid.

Everything he has handled in that period has been a ghastly failure, and his wake is strewn with broken remnants of his favourite security—what he calls his "absolute vow of honour."

He bled one man, many years his junior, who was a fellow-officer in the Sherwood Foresters, of £66,500.

This officer's generosity was meant to give his wartime friend a helping hand, but he is now rueing a net loss of £41,000, and has only stacks of worthless promises.

Roberts has not had a penny-piece of income of his own since the war. But that did not prevent him living at the rate of £1,500 a year, sending his son to a famous public school, incurring tremendous liabilities, running up a single tailor's bill for £100, and gambling on anything and everything.

He doesn't pay

When he gambles and loses he does not pay, and credit-betting offices regard him askance. He has defaulted also in the wheat market.

One of the first get-rich-quick schemes on which Roberts embarked was to purchase the Russian Crown Jewels for £10,000,000, but, beyond six months' occupation of a suite at the Ritz Hotel, London, nothing came of the transactions.

Forming acquaintanceship somehow with the late M. L. Krassin, who was the Soviet *Chargé d'Affaires* in London, he proceeded, although impecunious, to fashion extraordinary projects by which he was to supply Russia with coal, machinery and steel in exchange for diamonds and oil.

For a time he was a dazzling star on the shady side of the oil market. With an American named George K. Moore, who has since disappeared and whose name is anathema in the casinos of Europe, Roberts launched the American-Roumanian Oil Corporation, registering it in Arizona.

Ostensibly the corporation had a capital of 10,000,000 dollars; in fact, it had none and no assets.

Roberts told stories of how this company was being splendidly underwritten, and, when borrowing money, described concessions it owned in Turkey, Persia, and Roumania. All was fiction.

He tried to square some of his betting debts by presenting the "securities" of this comedy corporation to bookmakers, but they declined.

His next enterprise was the formation of a syndicate to trade in foreign currency. He made the disgraceful suggestion that the inside information on which this speculation was to be based would be obtained from a brother of one of the highest officials of the Allied Reparations Commission.

"You can realise the importance of the Reparations question on the fluctuations of foreign currencies," he darkly hinted in a letter when hunting for more and larger loans.

When sufficient cash was not forthcoming from the people on whom he was preying, Roberts frequently found salvation in moneylenders. In the end, of course, his friends had to pay.

Real estate next took his fancy. By various means he acquired properties at Worthing, Sussex, including blocks of flats named The Towers, and the derelict skeleton of an hotel which had stood for thirty years with its walls raised only to the first floor.

Of course, Roberts came out not a farthing the worse, but his Army friend was let in for £23,000.

From then on most of his weird operations were conducted in the shelter of a company called the Lane Commercial and Industrial Underwriters' Trust, Ltd.

This was a moribund concern, all name and no assets, with a capital of £4. Notwithstanding, Roberts disposed of the shares at a premium of 25 per cent.

Roberts then persuaded a London daily newspaper to co-operate with him in a crossword puzzle competition which he organised with a company he named Skillwin.

From the public he obtained £18,000 of entrance fees, and, for the purpose of the competition, borrowed £3,500 which has never been repaid.

Crossword losses

In the end he reported heavy losses with cross-words, but such items in his accounts as £9,500 for advertising and £6,000 overhead expenses require some explanation.

Roberts took his cross-word competition next to France and Belgium, but the authorities there soon sized him up and he had to quit.

A member of his staff appealed to him for advice how to get away from a Paris hotel with his luggage and without paying the bill.

Again borrowing, Roberts tried to retrieve himself by floating a company called British Guiana Pioneers. Two banks refused to allow their names to be associated with it, and an eminent geologist issued a disclaimer about the use of his name on the prospectus.

By this time Roberts, to use his own words, had done enough financial juggling to turn Henry Ford and Pierpont Morgan grey.

He was not dismayed, however, and linked himself with the acquisition of The Wilderness, Lord Hillingdon's mansion and estate at Sevenoaks, Kent, for conversion to a country club and golf-course.

This was a tragedy from the beginning. Little did the members know, as they supped and danced, that tradesmen were threatening to stop food supplies, wine merchants to empty the cellars, the electric light and gas companies to cut off the illumination, and that sheriff officers were in possession while the revels went on.

Once more he lost nothing, but his friend stood the racket for £38,000.

Notwithstanding a bankruptcy adjudication which followed, Roberts formed and became a director of a new concern called the British Guiana Company, Ltd., which was to search for diamonds in the jungles of South America.

The company had a capital of two shillings, and no assets. Yet, bankrupt as he was and reduced to pawning his wife's watch and a case of fish knives and forks, he insured his life for £25,000, and by this means proceeded to raise £8,000 of debentures.

Cab-fare capital

This money went quickly, and in a few months the company, with the capital of a cab-fare, became extinct.

A visit to British Guiana led to the formation of another company called the Sesamé Diamond Syndicate, Ltd., on the documents of which he is described as consulting engineer.

It has had as a director Mr. H. W. S. Wills, also now a bankrupt, with whom we had to deal a fortnight ago in connection with the Anti-Dazzle ramp.

Roberts is now, we learn, after bigger game. Those who may be tempted to join him should study his record.

They'll "Shingle" You IF THEY CAN

TWO charming young ladies, who gave the names of Margaret Esme Stavis and Elsie Norman, recently approached a girl employee in a large West End shop and put up a very tempting proposition.

They were, they confided, associated with an exclusive Court dressmaker in New Bond Street, and were in the happy position of being able to obtain the latest creations at bargain prices.

They produced photographs of several dresses, and invited the girl to show them to her fellow-employees with a view to securing orders.

Unsuspectingly, the girl jumped at the proposition, and very soon obtained orders to the value of £40.

The charming young ladies from Bond Street insisted upon cash in advance, but the promised dresses were never delivered.

Enquiry at the Court dressmaker's elicited the fact that Miss Esme Stavis and her companion were impostors, who had no connection with the firm whatever.

The truth is that they are really a pair of accomplished tricksters, who are as versatile as they are undoubtedly charming.

Elsie Norman is a pert, shingled miss of twenty-two, while her accomplice, Miss Stavis, who is only nineteen, prefers the old-fashioned bob.

After the escapade just recorded they turned up at a large West End boarding-house, where they posed as the nieces of a well-known superintendent of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard.

They were often on the telephone, supposedly conversing with their distinguished uncle, and when they departed, after a brief stay, paying their bill in cash, no one suspected that they were masquerading.

But no sooner had they gone than one complaint after another was made by guests at the boarding-house, who missed jewellery, dresses and other articles from amongst their personal effects.

The bobbed and shingled partners had carefully combed every room before calling for their bill.

Since this coup they have operated in the provinces, and we trust that this exposure will scotch their game.

She told him she had come to him in her trouble

Vampire Beauty's BANKER VICTIMS

DRESSED in the smartest of black gowns, and driving up in an opulent-looking car, a beautiful young woman entered a famous bank in London the other day and asked to see the manager.

As she was shown into his office, the manager at once noticed that her eyes, behind her tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, were brimming with tears.

The caller introduced herself as Patricia Joan MacMichael, the only daughter of a famous Canadian, whose house at Montreal was one of the most exclusive in Canadian society.

Until a few weeks ago, Patricia went on, she had been happy in her Canadian home, the idol of parents, who gave her everything she desired.

Changed her life

Last spring a handsome young Englishman arrived in Montreal from London on important business.

She met this man when he was invited to her father's house by one of his friends.

That introduction changed the whole of her life. She ultimately fell in love with the good-looking visitor, and, ignoring her father's advice, finally agreed to marry him and return with him to London.

What had happened?

Although she had first met this man less than six months ago, she was now utterly disillusioned. He had separated her from her parents, left her homeless and destroyed her good name.

The bank manager was greatly touched by her pathetic story.

He never doubted her when she described how the Englishman married her a month ago in Montreal, and how, during their honeymoon in London, she discovered that her "husband" was already a married man.

"Only yesterday," she sobbed, "he deserted me, leaving me completely stranded, with a tremendous account unpaid at the hotel, and debts owing to ever so many shops, where he got credit since we came to London."

Patricia went on to tell the bank manager that she had come to him in her trouble because his bank was nearest to the hotel where she was staying, and because she thought he would not mind cabling to Canada on her behalf for funds.

She had not even enough money to do this herself, and the people at the hotel had naturally grown very suspicious about her in view of her "husband's" conduct.

The bank manager, upon whom Patricia now thrust all kinds of documents to bear out her story, agreed to do as she asked, particularly as she volunteered the information that she would prefer the money which her father sent to be paid to her through the bank.

A cable was sent to her supposed father in Montreal. It stated that Patricia was stranded, that her "husband" was already married, and asked for money to be despatched at once to her at the bank.

Once this message had been sent, Patricia looked relieved and presently asked a further favour. Would the manager mind making her an advance to enable her to cope with immediate difficulties?

Sum of money

Her clever charm by now had completely destroyed his professional caution, and the manager advanced her a sum of money.

Not many hours later the cable came back undelivered. When the manager made enquiries about his visitor, he discovered that Patricia's story was false in every particular.

A similar adroit swindle has been worked by her time and again.

Many complaints, in this and other countries, have been made about this charming adventuress, who was born in Quebec, and who has since been in the hands of the police on more than one occasion. She has actually been in prison in Canada.

Her victims are restricted to no particular class or profession, and include solicitors, clergymen, engineers and hotel managers.

Once Patricia called during the luncheon interval at a Christian Science Institute in a provincial town.

Informing the official in charge that she was a Canadian stranded in London, she succeeded in getting a cable sent to her solicitor in Montreal asking for £200, then cashed a number of cheques in the neighbourhood, all of which came back dishonoured.

Another of her exploits involved a married man, to whom she posed as a widow. Making love to him, she lured him into a compromising position, and, at the threat of exposure, extracted large sums of money from him.

Another time Patricia put up at a large London hotel and told the manager that she was a wealthy Canadian about to be married to a commander in the British Navy.

Having impressed the management with her importance, she arranged for a sumptuous wedding-breakfast and engaged a jazz band, composed of twenty-eight performers, to enliven the occasion.

By the time the wedding was due to take place Patricia had disappeared, leaving her usual trail of debt behind her.

Shell-shocked "husbands"

A trick commonly played by her is to pretend that she has married, mostly for pity's sake, a shell-shocked soldier of means, with whom she has been on her honeymoon at a certain hotel.

During her temporary absence from the hotel, however, her husband has suddenly lost his memory, collected together all their luggage, forgotten all about her, and left her stranded.

Numerous victims have advanced her money after swallowing this ingenuous story.

So, beware of Patricia!

She can extract money from bank managers; she can bring tears of sympathy to solicitors' eyes; she can make fools of hotel proprietors.

She has even dodged Scotland Yard successfully for many months, and is a Canadian export who might well be packed up and re-exported to her native land.

THEY WEPT—*because* THEY WON

WHEN W. Hoppner, of 20, Lower Bridge Street, Canterbury, learnt of his success in winning JOHN BULL'S Crossword Competition No. 25, he and his wife both burst into tears.

Their luck had changed at last!

Mr. Hoppner is a motor-driver by profession, and has reached the age of forty-four. But during the past four years he has not been able to put in a single day's work.

Chronic asthma has reduced him to the condition of an almost complete invalid, whom the exposure of motor-driving would rob of his last chance of regaining his lost health.

"My only chance of recovery," he told us, "lies in a long stay by the sea." But, confined to his bed and in reduced circumstances, Mr. Hoppner saw no prospect of ever getting to the seaside.

"I could see a glimmer of hope if I won one of your big Crossword cheques," he told us. "So I just kept pegging away at the squares week after week—hoping that I might one day share the big prize with some others.

"I scarcely dared to hope that what has come true could happen. Yet, here am I the winner of £500 all to myself!"

His wife, who is also almost an invalid, carries on with difficulty a little paper-shop, in a gallant attempt to provide for her sick husband and three little children, only one of whom is old enough to go to school.

The seaside is his only chance

"What shall we do with the money!" said Mr. Hoppner, "We haven't had time, of course, to make up our minds. But we've always hoped to be able to get away to the seaside.

"There we'll look out a nice little business, which my wife can look after. And then, after a few months in the sea air, I'll be well enough to lend her a hand myself. This money will put us right! Not just me, but my wife and the children as well."

Every week JOHN BULL'S Crossword Puzzle brings one big prize and many smaller ones to ordinary workaday people, of whom many are in need like Mr. Hoppner.

This week's puzzle is on page 32. Follow Mr. Hoppner's example if you wish to share his luck.

Visions of quick-lunch bars made Ruffle's victims pay out. Lord Desborough (left) is President of the Hotels and Restaurants Association, which puts down men like Ruffle

You Can't Ruffle Mr. Ruffle—

—the MUSTARD Quick-Lunch MAN

MEET Mr. Ruffle. He is a man of outstanding personality. Although he is in his seventy-first year, and has the reputation for nning several different businesses at ce, he never gets ruffled or confused; is simply saturated with energy.

Mr. Ruffle has travelled all over the rld. He boasts that in his younger ys he served as a personal assistant the late Lord Kitchener for many ars. He even declares that he is a rvivor from the *Hampshire* disaster, which Lord Kitchener was drowned. e great soldier, it appears, thought e world of him.

Before Mr. Ruffle returned to Eng- nd from his world travels in 1927 he ed for a considerable time in Canada d the United States; and many are e tales he tells of the fortunes he assed there.

His big idea

It was in America that he conceived e idea of opening a chain of super ick-lunch bars and cafés in England, here business men and women, essed for time, could obtain a good eal in comfortable surroundings.

When his plans to launch this pro- ct had been perfected, Mr. Ruffle vertised for investors who would be lling to put up capital; and his im- rtant manner made a deep impres- n on all.

He told them of the huge fortunes ing made in the United States from e quick-lunch trade, and gave a per- nal assurance to investors that, once ey decided to participate in his eat scheme, their future prosperity s as "safe as the Bank of Eng- nd."

He told his prospective partners that vast experience in the catering siness placed him in the happy posi- n of knowing how to get huge sup- es of the best food at the lowest ices, while the figures he produced ophesied splendid and growing ofits.

As Mr. Ruffle was himself sinking all his available capital in the undertaking, and declared, amongst other things, that he owned much property in England and elsewhere, and was also an ex-naval officer with a life-long pension, these investors felt quite safe in entrusting their savings to him.

Mr. Ruffle made a start at Guildford, the thriving county town of Surrey, which, he pointed out, in addition to its business visitors, was a centre of great attraction for beauty-lovers and tourists on account of the picturesque and historic country surrounding it.

The initial venture at Guildford was called the "Feedwell English and American Quick-Lunch Bar," and all kinds of delicacies and sweetmeats were displayed for the benefit of the hurrying but hungry customers.

Now, cold and calculating members of the catering trade will readily tell enquirers that grandiose ventures like the "Feedwell English and American Quick-Lunch Bar" mostly only thrive in fiction, and certainly do not catch on until a lot of "pushing" and patience has been exhausted.

But Mr. Ruffle was no ordinary caterer, remember, and had forgotten more about the business than his less ambitious rivals would ever learn.

So *he* said.

We have discovered that this suave and smiling septuagenarian knew nothing at all about the buying and selling of foods at huge profits, and is an international adventurer who has thrived by swindling people all his life.

Most of the investors' money, running into thousands of pounds, went into his own pocket.

All the goods, such as furniture and fixtures, were obtained on credit from firms which soon found themselves besieging the unruffled Mr. Ruffle for money.

Extensive debts, incurred everywhere on the strength of impressive representations, which were all false, remain unpaid.

With the swag

One day recently, with huge sums of money due to all and sundry who had fallen into his net, Mr. Ruffle decided that Guildford had better see him no longer—and disappeared.

We find that he certainly told the truth when he said he had spent much of his life in Canada. He omitted to mention, however, that he had been imprisoned there for fraud and that when he was released from jail in 1926 the Canadian Government deported him to England under escort.

A bad memory, apparently, appears to be Mr. Ruffle's principal asset. For our enquiries reveal that he never served with the late Lord Kitchener; while the Admiralty records have no mention of his name as having ever been connected with the Navy in any capacity.

When he found his excuses failing to hold some of his quick-lunch victims, he promised them that their investments would be returned out of a large sum of money due to him under the will of a wealthy relative.

We find a similar promise was made by Ruffle to the victims of a partnership swindle thirty years ago. But not one of his dupes has ever wrung a penny from him.

His total liabilities amount to at least £7,500.

Many of his victims do not to this day know that Ruffle is an undischarged bankrupt at least thrice in his own name of Frederick Hardy Ruffle.

He is hardy indeed!

He should pay

We imagine that he will not remain unruffled long once these facts have appeared in print. And we trust that the day is not far distant when he is made to pay the proper penalty for his callous rascality towards people whom he has bled.

eekly Informations— *—from Sir Wyndham Childs*

LOOK *before you* GIVE

SINCE I left Scotland Yard and joined the staff of JOHN BULL I have been greatly impressed by the painstaking manner in ich dubious charity organisations e dealt with by the paper.

Letters which have constantly ached me from readers, and figures ich have been shown to me by my ff, have made me realise more than r how urgent is the need for the governing charity appeals to be stically amended.

am glad to say that many JOHN LL readers follow the wise and owing practice of writing to the per for advice before subscribing to charity.

• • •

have lately received enquiries re- ting a charity called the National ilors' Society, of Elizabeth Street, ton Square, London, S.W. The mes of many distinguished and ed people are included among its atrons."

From what I know of this charity I ature to suggest that "patrons" uld make a little investigation into e of the past workings of the iety. If they did so, they would e their names removed without a ment's hesitation.

One such man whose name has n used by the National Sailors' iety in its literature is the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and I am not surprised to find that he was compelled, some months ago, to publish a statement disclaiming appeals that had been made by the society in his name.

Lord Cholmondeley had merely consented to preside over a local committee of the society when, to his amazement, he found that appeals for money, bearing a facsimile reproduction of his signature, were being circulated all over the country.

Other titled men who have experienced a similar shock are the Earl of Glasgow and the Duke of Montrose.

The secretary of the National Sailors' Society is the Rev. W. Burton, D.D., who has already been criticised by the Charity Organisation Society and by JOHN BULL in connection with the manner in which the society, and its funds are administered.

Apart from the fact that the amounts charged for "expenses" have constantly been open to comment, the society's appeal for funds should be ignored in any case, as this charity is quite superfluous and overlaps the admittedly good work of much older and perfectly reputable institutions.

Until recently the Rev. W. Burton had as his "Director of Appeals" a man named Walter Tyson. They have, however, now parted company, and one is repudiating the other.

It is interesting to note, however, that Mr. Tyson has started a charity of his own called the "British Guild of Child Welfare," the headquarters of which are at the same address in Elizabeth Street.

Be cautious when collectors call

Mr. Tyson, by the way, was at one time an agent for a highly reputable society, but when his services were terminated some time ago he refused to surrender certain property belonging to the society, including a card-index of their subscribers.

All readers who want their gifts to benefit only reputable charities should avail themselves of our advice.

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The HELMET on the VOLCANO

Sir John Chancellor, British High Commissioner for Palestine, on leave in England when the trouble started. Group Captain L. W. Brabazon Rees, V.C., commands the R.A.F. in Palestine. His planes have been in action

A panorama of Jerusalem. Its steep, narrow streets make it an ideal town—from a rioters' point of view

by
A. G. GARDINER

SOMEONE has blundered. That is the one conclusion that is at present clear in regard to the lamentable conflagration in Palestine.

We are told that the blaze now well under control, and we can congratulate the Government upon the promptitude and efficiency with which it dealt with so alarming an explosion.

But the explosion ought not to have occurred.

It was known that the powder-magazine was there. It was known down to the day that there was danger that the sparks would fly.

No precautions

Yet no special precautions seem to have been taken to deal with the peril, and at the time of the occurrence Sir John Chancellor, the High Commissioner, was out of the country on leave of absence.

These things call for the most searching enquiry.

And this for two reasons.

In the first place, because of the magnitude of the occurrence—the deplorable loss of life, the enormous destruction of property; above all, the humiliation which so grave a failure in administration has brought upon this country.

Just at the moment when Mr. Snowden's remarkable triumph at The Hague seemed to have restored Great Britain to a commanding place in the world's affairs, this event has come to discredit and injure us in the sphere in which our reputation stands highest, that of the administration of dependent communities.

Causes remain

The second reason is still more urgent. Although the conflagration has been suppressed, the causes remain, and will remain, and unless strong and drastic measures are taken to prevent the recurrence of the tragedy, the recent happenings will be repeated, and repeated on an even more alarming scale.

It is not necessary here to discuss the merits of the quarrel between Jew and Arab in regard to the Wailing Wall.

To both it is a sacred place. As the site of Solomon's temple, it embodies for the Jew the most splendid memories of his race; by its traditional association with the Prophet, it is no less the subject of the fanatical reverence of Islam.

Legally the property is that of the Arabs, but the right of devotional exercises under certain restrictions has always been conceded under Islamic rule to the Jews.

But the quarrel about the Wailing Wall is only the spark that has exploded the magazine. The trouble lies much deeper. It lies in the fact that Palestine is the cockpit of religious warfare.

It is not only the holy place of Jewry and of Islam; it is the holy place of Christendom. And the problem of the past and the present is how to resolve these rivalries into a peaceful harmony.

The problem has become aggravated since the war by the scheme for restoring the Jews to their homeland, under the guarantees of the League of Nations.

Everyone must sympathise with the Jewish ideal of recovering their Zion; but the task is enveloped with difficulties.

The chief of those difficulties is that the population of the country is overwhelmingly Arab, and therefore Mohammedan. It is obviously impossible to turn out the Arabs neck-and-crop.

They are there and must remain there, and the re-establishment of the Jews can only be effected on the terms of fair play and equal conditions for the Arabs.

It was, perhaps, a misfortune that the duty of carrying out this great operation devolved upon us. The fact was due mainly to Lord Balfour.

He had long had strong sympathies with the Zionist cause, and when the League of Nations' mandates were distributed he was responsible for this country being made the guardian of peace in Palestine.

Arabs robbed

It was a disinterested act, but we may doubt whether it was a wise one. It involved us in enormous responsibilities, and rewarded us with no possible profit.

We became the protector of everybody's nationals and the target of everybody's grievances. We took all the kicks and got none of the ha'pence.

Naturally, the Arabs did not like the new form of government. It robbed them of the position of supremacy which they had so long enjoyed, and they saw in it an attempt to make the Jews their masters.

They suspected that we were pro-Jewish in sympathy, and this suspicion is one of peculiar danger to this country, which is the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world.

To-day we find ourselves between the devil and the deep sea. All over the world the Jews are raising an outcry against us for having failed to protect their brethren in Palestine, and at the same time the Arabs and Moslems everywhere are accusing us of loading the dice in favour of the Jews.

If this peck of troubles could have been foreseen, as it ought to have been foreseen, we should not have put our head in the Palestine hornets' nest.

Indeed, if we had been wise, we should have politely but firmly refused any of these mandatory powers. They have brought us nothing but trouble and the unjust suspicion of the world that we have done well out of the war.

Right idea

The idea behind the mandatory principle is right. It is necessary that backward States, and States like Palestine, which are a chaos of racial and religious feuds, should be given stable government and guidance from without; but the burden should not fall on individual Powers.

It should be borne by the League of Nations directly and administered through its own machinery.

There is certainly something a little preposterous in the fact that just at the time when this country is retiring bag and baggage from Egypt, and when it is contemplating a new step in the direction of self-government for India, it should be encumbered with new and burdensome responsibilities in relation to a country which has no more claim on its guardianship than it has upon that of any other nation.

I hope the time is not far distant when these necessary but irksome tasks will be transferred to the League, and when our share in them will be limited to the part we play in supporting and organising that great institution.

In spite of them

But, in the meantime, we have to fulfil our undertaking loyally. That undertaking is to preserve the peace and administer justice in Palestine without fear or favour to any race or religion.

I believe, in spite of the outcries of Jew and Arab alike, that this has been faithfully done during the years of our administration, and it is fair to remember that no serious untoward incident occurred during the régime either of Sir Herbert Samuel or of Lord Plumer.

That the late conflagration should have been allowed to blaze up is evidence, not of any lapse from the ideal we have set up in our government of Palestine, but of the liability of any human machine to go astray. It has gone astray in the present case for reasons which must be disclosed by the most searching enquiry.

Two tasks

We have two things to do. We must make the recurrence of such a tragedy impossible, and we must administer chastisement to the authors of the crime in an even-handed spirit, which will remove the least suspicion that our mandate is exercised in the interests of Jew, Arab or Christian.

And may the time come when we can be honourably released from the thankless part of the Policeman of Palestine.

PALESTINE—The Why and Wherefore of the Outbreak

PALESTINE, formerly Turkish territory, has been under British administration since the conquest of the country by the forces of General Allenby in 1918.

The administration is conducted under a mandate from the League of Nations, which entered officially into force on September 29, 1923.

On November 2, 1917, some five weeks before General Allenby's entry into Jerusalem, Earl (then Mr. Arthur) Balfour, at that time Foreign Secretary, had made on behalf of H.M. Government the following historic declaration:

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use its best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of the object, it being understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the right and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

Zionism is the result of anti-Semitic agitation; it is a revival of the national spirit among the Jews in a political form. The Zionist movement, which is international, has considerably extended its influence in Palestine in later years.

The British mandate provides that the Zionist organisation is entitled to advise and co-operate with the mandatory Government in matters affecting Jewish interests.

The Wailing Wall, a holy place in Jerusalem, has long been the property of the Moslems, though for hundreds of years Turks permitted the Jews to use the courtyard in front of it for private devotions; but it is now argued that the Jews are using it for congregational worship, and the Moslems apparently will not allow that.

The Jews have endeavoured to purchase the holy place from the Moslems, but have not been successful.

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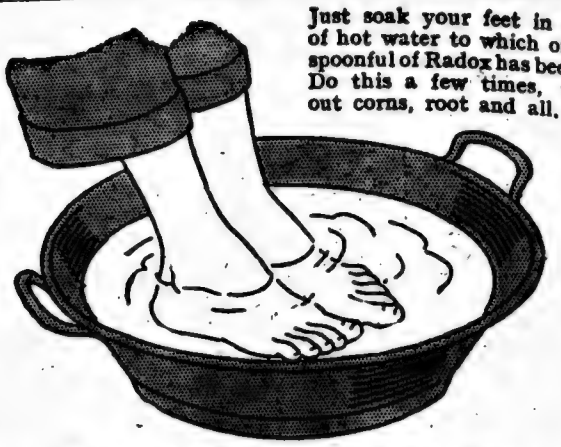

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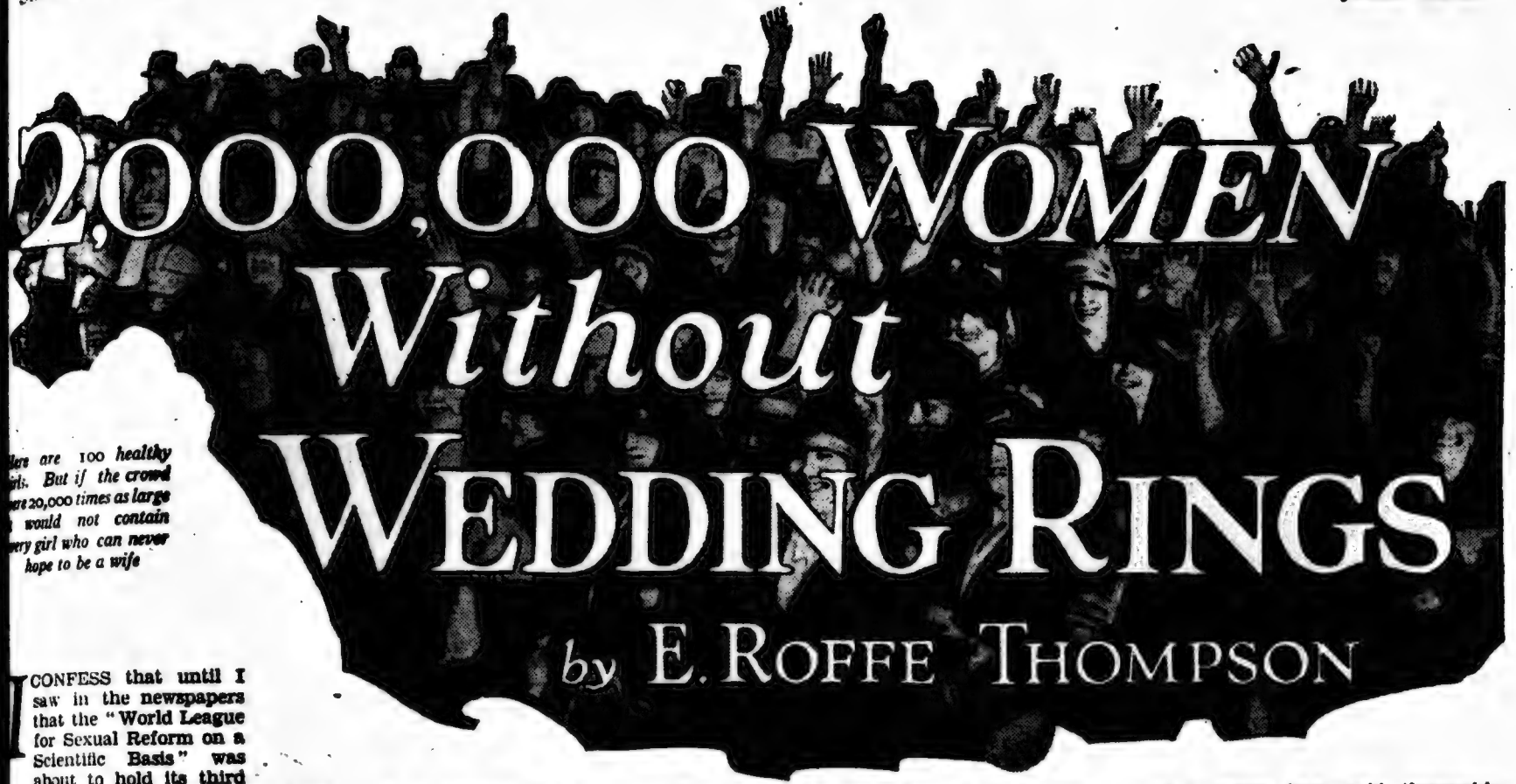

2,000,000 WOMEN Without WEDDING RINGS

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Here are 100 healthy girls. But if the crowd were 20,000 times as large it would not contain every girl who can never hope to be a wife

I CONFESS that until I saw in the newspapers that the "World League for Sexual Reform on a Scientific Basis" was about to hold its third international congress in London I had never heard of it.

It is certainly my loss, for nearly every thinker in the world is its wholehearted supporter.

Not, I think, without good reason. Heaven knows that if anything is in need of reform, our whole attitude towards sex is.

While we have moved a long way from the evil growth of Victorian prudery, I am not sure that we have very much on which we can congratulate ourselves.

From one point of view we have gone to the other extreme. Nobody, I think, would deny that the war was followed by a general loosening of moral standards that still persists.

It was, perhaps, inevitable. You cannot kill off a million of the nation's finest manhood and expect things to go on as though nothing had happened.

What the war did was to deny to something like 2,000,000 women all hopes of a legitimate satisfaction of their perfectly natural desires. Is it not obvious that the ordinary codes of society were bound to suffer?

Two million women denied all hope of wedding-rings have brought about a social problem that it will take generations to solve.

The overflowing divorce lists are only a symptom. They reflect the careless ease with which people to-day are willing to throw off the old love and take on the new.

The concrete tragedies of divorce represent the much deeper and more widespread tragedy of the woman—two millions of her—who is ready to risk everything to gain a little of what life has apparently denied her.

Playing with fire

It is perfectly true that there are many number of these "surplus women" who are finding in business, in factory and workshop and office the more or less satisfactory substitute for marriage; but it is also true that there are countless others who are playing with fire, who haunt dance-halls and night-clubs, lightheartedly risking everything in an attempt to still the restlessness that fills them.

The problem of prostitution has always been a puzzle to the social reformer. No one has yet been able to deal with it satisfactorily. It is much more of a puzzle to-day than it ever was.

The "amateur" has well-nigh driven the "professional" off the streets. That is a blunt way of stating the heart of the problem.

The professional prostitute who sells herself for money with which to keep body and soul together is a tragedy indeed; but what limitless possibilities of tragedy lie in the spectacle of girls who sell themselves not for money but for "fun"!

Believe me, it is happening to-day, happening in town and country, to an extent that the unobservant would find it difficult to credit.

If the World League wants a subject for deliberation and constructive proposal, here is one that will tax all its knowledge and abilities.

This disturbance of a nation's moral fibre is always one of war's bitterest aftermaths, though it is not always recognised for the problem it is.

Yet, despite all this, there is not much difference between to-day and yesterday so far as what is called the "sex problem" is concerned.

Whatever the problem is, it has existed ever since men and women existed, and it will continue to exist till they are extinct. Science and common-sense can throw much more light on it to-day—that is all.

"It is ignorance, not science," said two famous writers, "which engenders pruriency and communicates filthy-mindedness. For lack of a little instruction many are made miserable when they should be happy, many even ruined in soul and body.

"There is too much mist about the life-journey—from its origins and at its climax—mists dark and unwholesome, favouring errors of judgment and errors of conduct."

That might almost serve as a motto for the World League; but that body has put its aims and desires in much blunter and more concrete form.

It wants, for instance, "protection of the unmarried mother and the illegitimate child," and I do not see who could be found to dispute the justice of the demand.

But this very demand points straight to the core of most of to-day's trouble—that the whole question of sex has been muddled by legal and religious prejudice. And when the law and religion join hands to interfere there is usually a pretty mess.

Take the Legitimacy Bill. It allows, as it should allow, that upon the subsequent marriage of the parents of an illegitimate child, that child automatically becomes legitimate.

That was humane, wholesomely just, and I would have said thoroughly Christian. The Bench of Bishops in the House of Lords thought otherwise. It insisted on excluding the unfortunate child from legitimacy if either of its parents was already married at the time of its birth.

To penalise an innocent child for the fault of its parents may seem Christ-like to the Bishops, but I don't think somehow that Christ would have agreed with them.

Church tyranny

But when the league itself comes to the questions of marriage and divorce, I do not think it is on sure ground. It urges "the liberation of marriage (and especially divorce) from the present State and Church tyranny."

That an appalling number of marriages are nothing but legalised prostitution is an indisputable fact: the iniquity of the present divorce laws is patent to everyone: there is nation-wide opinion behind the demand for a reform in this direction, and it cannot be delayed much longer.

But I cannot follow the league when it links marriage with divorce—for where is the tyranny?

If Society is to hold together there must be some sort of contract between people who wish to live together and rear a family. If the league wishes to abolish marriage, I disagree with it entirely.

Even in Soviet Russia, despite the fantastic lies that have filled the Press for years, it has never occurred to anyone to "free" marriage from "the tyranny of Church and State."

What is wrong is not marriage—that is as free as air—but the stupid laws that prevent ordinary people remedying errors that, through no real fault of their own, they find they have committed.

It seems to me that the league is confusing liberty with licence.

Searchlight wanted

But it is at least something that there exists in the world a powerful body whose determined object it is to make sex and its study the commonplace that other subjects are.

We have suffered for far too long from a refusal to discuss its problems openly. If the "World League for Sexual Reform on a Scientific Basis" can help us to turn the scientific searchlight on life in the raw it has not been formed in vain.

The Human Machine

Don't Be Deceived

IF you have read Joan Lowell's amazing book, "Child of the Deep," you will remember the occasion on which, as a child, she jumped overboard to catch a sea-horse—"a funny fish from two or three inches to a foot long with a tail that he wraps about a piece of seaweed or any drifting thing."

This particular sea-horse had hitched himself to a sea-anemone. It looked wonderful to Joan, aged ten, and she meant to have it. Overboard she went in mid-ocean and they had to stop the ship to get her back.

She got the sea-horse and the anemone. Listen to her: "I put my hand in my pocket to bring out my beautiful anemone, when to my dismay the thing I brought forth in my fist was no dainty coloured flower, but a dirty piece of seaweed that looked like a hunk of rotten sponge.

"In the water, in its bed of blue sea, it had the beauty of a lace-like piece of coral, but in my hand it was a brutal disillusion—just ugly seaweed.

"The thing I had wanted to possess for its loveliness didn't exist."

There is something here that is worth thinking about. When you want something, go after it, by all means—but make sure that what you want is worth having.

There are very few things in life worth making a real fuss about; but those few are worth a very great fuss indeed.

There is no real happiness for anyone unless he can distinguish those few from all the rest.

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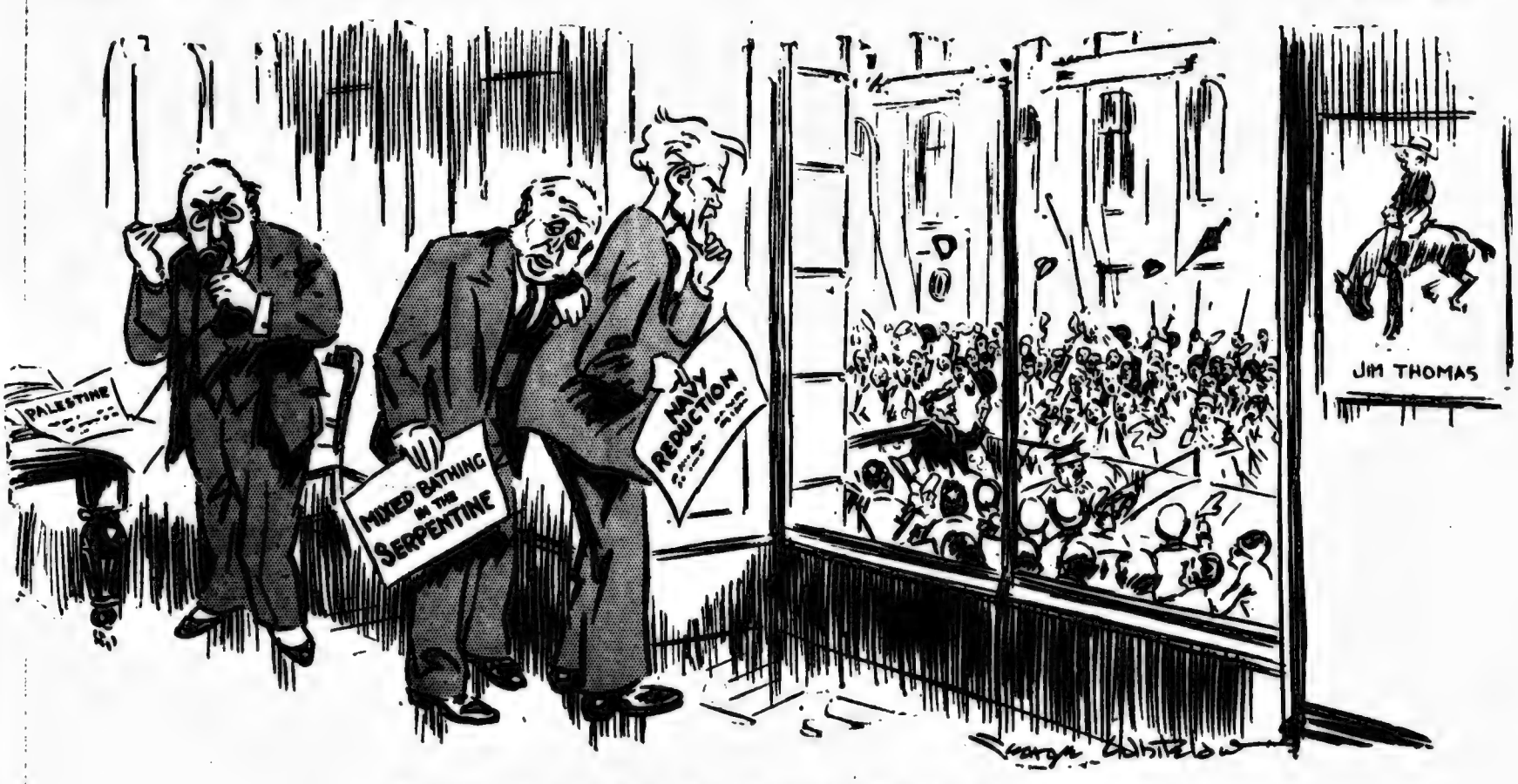


Ramsay: "Let's hope the 'Snowden Touch' is catching"

Spell His Name

Without Fear or Favour
by the Editor

MR. "FILLIP" SNOWDEN!

MR. SNOWDEN'S triumph at The Hague is more than a mere securing of Britain's financial rights in the Reparations squabble. It is the triumph of reality in international relations over diplomatic pretence and secret "arrangements."

It is many years since anything quite so salutary as Mr. Snowden appeared at the international conference-table. With a sentence he swept everything aside except justice and fair-dealing, and the other Powers have been read a long-needed lesson.

We think the results will be the restoration of sanity and increased clarity in all our international relations. This country has for far too long been looked on in the light of a mere Continental appendage.

It is not the least of Mr. Snowden's achievements that he has, inside a fortnight, been able to show the world that Great Britain has a definite position and a concrete point of view.

He has restored our freedom in international relations, and that can have nothing but good effects in the future.

When we say this we are not indulging in any foolish hero-worship. Without in the least decrying Mr. Snowden's achievements, we cannot see that he has done anything that any of his predecessors could not have achieved had they exercised the same purpose and the same common-sense.

Our position in international affairs has always been unchallengeable. It is almost unbelievable that it should have been left to Mr. Snowden to state our position and stick to it.

No less remarkable than the spectacle at The Hague has been the spectacle at home. For the last three weeks Party has disappeared, and we have had for once a nation absolutely united in its determination to get something done.

It is a sterling lesson for both politician and electorate. It has exposed the sham of Party division very effectively and shown how little our paltry political intrigues have to do with any of the things that really matter.

We are more than ever convinced that Mr. MacDonald was profoundly right when, on his assumption of office, he appealed for Parliament to regard itself not as a Party battleground, but as a Council of State.

It is a point of view that is commending itself more and more to those who realise how big our problems are and how much good will and united effort are needed to solve them.

Can anyone really doubt that a united nation pursuing a national policy could as speedily bring prosperity at home as it is bringing stability abroad?

* * *

Red Tape Leads

A SHORT time ago we drew attention to the astonishing fact that literally millions of industrial workers never got any holidays unless they chose to forfeit their wages.

Among these were the industrial employees of the Government, workers in Army, Navy, Air Force, Postal and Office of Works establishments; and when the Government itself failed to set an example it was not surprising that the private employer took the same line.

Now a definite lead has been given at last, for the Government has decided to grant annual holidays with pay to all its industrial employees, and nearly 100,000 people will benefit.

It is a good beginning; but, despite this, and despite the agreements that cover a number of industries, the disgraceful fact remains that more than half the workers of the country have no hope of holidays with pay.

The time is coming when legislation will be necessary to enforce what ordinary human considerations should have brought about long ago. Nor should such legislation be long delayed. We cannot see how it could meet with any opposition that need be seriously considered.

Mothers' Tragedy

IT is a matter of congratulation for everybody concerned that the infantile death rate now stands at 65 per thousand, the lowest figure ever recorded.

When the Ministry of Health was established criticism was bitter to the point of being vitriolic; but as events have shown, no nation ever undertook a wiser expenditure.

The steady dissemination of knowledge and the medical help and assistance that are now given without stint in every corner of the land are having their result. We are slowly but steadily building up a healthy nation.

But we have only begun, and at one point we have not only not progressed, but we have gone backwards.

It is disturbing to a degree to find that last year the maternal mortality rate was the highest on record—no fewer than 4.42 per thousand births.

There were, in 1928, 660,000 births and 2,920 mothers died. Tens of thousands more were seriously injured and no fewer than 43,000 new-born children died within twelve months of their birth.

This is an appalling wastage of life that no one can contemplate without dismay.

It is a throwing-away of life at its source that calls for a co-ordinated national effort to prevent. Towards the end of the late Government a committee was set up to investigate the whole question of maternal mortality, and it would be reassuring to learn what progress its researches have made.

Broadly speaking, we are losing these mothers and babies because we are not really making an effort to save them. The first step is to make it compulsory for every local authority to establish a maternity centre.

It is obvious that the nation's life-saving apparatus is not anything like up to standard.

If it were, the maternal mortality figures would quickly follow the child death rate instead of going the other way.

The FIRST WOMAN in the WORLD

An Intimate Glimpse of Queen Mary at Home

Sandringham is "home" to the King and Queen. Here the King will gather new strength in the tonic air and fresh vitality among his own folk

IF half the women of Britain could boast of half the sheer hard work and public service performed by Queen Mary, this country would by now come perilously near to realising the ideal state of which poets and philosophers have dreamed all down the ages.

Her Majesty's labours proceed from two causes: Necessity and love of her country. First and foremost, the Queen is a great patriot, and this, apart from her many "official" duties, involves her daily in work which can only be described as drudgery.

Immediately she rises the Queen's working day begins. She starts tackling the problems of her day before breakfast. The back of her post is broken actually while her dresser is arranging her hair and attending to her toilet.

The Queen reads her own letters; and often among the imposing, embossed pile, addressed with the utmost correctness, is an appealing-looking envelope addressed to "Mrs. England" or "Mrs. Queen."

"Cures" unlimited

Many delectable variations of her title come on envelopes from humble people, determined to send the Queen some little message of sympathy, understanding or congratulation.

During the King's recent illness literally hundreds of letters reached the Queen each day.

They came from every kind and station of writer, and each one contained the details of some infallible family remedy, guaranteed to cure His Majesty's pneumonia.

There were treasured recipes for embrocations, for herbal simples, and even for charms and incantations—magic cures handed down for long generations among simple folk.

The Queen appreciated the true human kindness which prompted each sender; and each received a letter of thanks for his or her sympathy and proffered aid.

With such a mail to handle there is small wonder that the Queen begins work betimes. In fact, by breakfast time she has pencilled replies on the backs of perhaps half a hundred letters.

It is true that the answers to these letters are written by some other hand—by her private secretary, Sir Harry Verney, or Lady Cynthia Colville, or Lady Ampthill.

The gist of the answer, however, is drafted by the Queen.

Most of the morning Her Majesty works in her rooms disposing of letters.

This is done with the help of Sir Harry Verney or the lady-in-waiting who has the particular matter in hand.

She works with precision, like the head of a big business.

And there is always about her method of work an air of "Let us come to the next point."

Hardly any letters go out from the Palace in the Queen's own handwriting; but if one of her near servants is ill, whether they work in the upper or lower regions of the Palace, she invariably pens her own little note of sympathy.

She is not one to labour detail; but let the detail concern some human being, and then the Queen is indefatigable.

For example; an Englishwoman living in a remote French village once appealed to the Queen in a distress that was agitating her.

Friends about her

It was not enough that the lady's distress should be instantly relieved from the Queen's purse.

Back and forth from Buckingham Palace letters went to every institution that could be discovered in the lady's vicinity; for to the Queen the suppliant must not only have monetary relief but friends about her; a sense that she was not entirely alone.

It is not easy to specify the Queen's work. Unlike the King, she has no "official" duties, although, during the King's illness, she presided over the Council of State formed to relieve His Majesty of his routine duties.

Generally, when she sees the Ministers of State it is on no official business; but rather to inform herself on the condition of the country.

She has astounded more than one Labour M.P. by her sound knowledge of industrial conditions.

"It has always seemed to me that poverty really hurts the Queen," Mrs. Clynes once said.

So it does; and as a girl not yet twenty she sat in the gallery of the House of Lords and listened to the deliberations of the first Committee ever set up to enquire into the conditions of sweated labour.

Taste for statistics

Her mother's friend, Lord Dunraven, was the chairman of that Committee. She has never forgotten the stories of dreadful suffering she heard then.

It gave her a taste for statistics that she has never lost.

A stream of Blue-books, reports of Commissions and Committees reaches the Queen from the Stationery Office. Nor is she content merely to skim their contents.

The work of the Queen that is seen by the public is as nothing compared with her private services.

It would not be possible to number the hospitals, institutions and organisations with which she is associated as patroness. They are legion.

Each one means more work for the Queen; more letters to read and to be written; more calls on her help and guidance; more inroads on her private purse.

The Queen is so thoughtful—and understanding. At Hampstead there is a maternity hospital which bears her name—and innumerable proofs of her thoughtfulness for its inmates.

Her Majesty helped to build the hospital in order to reduce the avoidable loss of life so often occasioned from child-bearing endured without proper medical care.

Among the rules which the Queen personally laid down was one that no mother should be compelled to leave the hospital until she had rested sufficient time after her confinement.

Also, she asked that provision should be made whereby a mother might bring her youngest child with her to the hospital. This to save the mother from worrying as to what might happen to her youngest child without her.

Even with the placing of the electric lights in the wards the Queen concerned herself.

The light must not fall on the face of the patient so that it would in any way trouble her.

And the Queen's Maternity Hospital at Hampstead is only one example of the way she regards her duties as a patroness.

Her bounty is so human—whether it is called on by a hospital or a great charity organisation, or whether it affects a solitary man or woman in trouble.

There is a girl in distress—one of her own household. "Poor girl!" There is no prying; just pity.

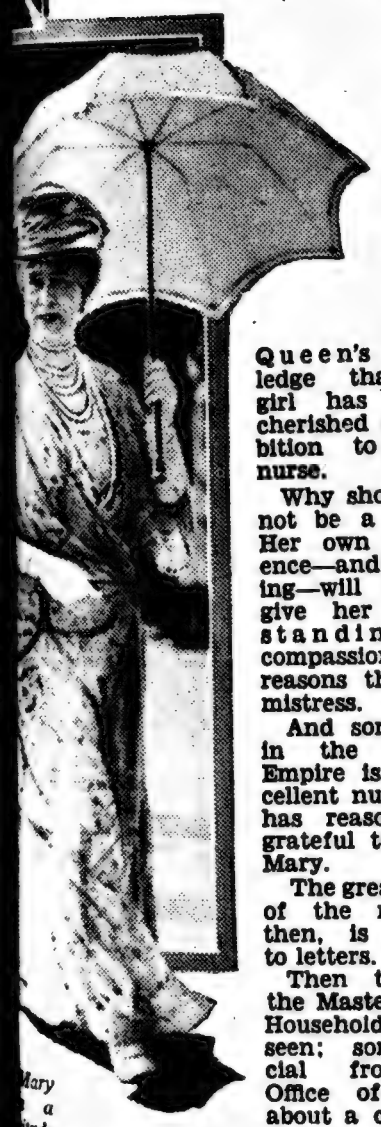
All that matters to the Queen is that the girl must have help; and help she has, although the hand of the helper is never once seen.

Then when the trouble is over it is not easy for the girl to re-enter service. It comes to the

...AN in the

Sir Harry Verney smiles down at his wife

Lady Bertha Dawkins . . . "preserves the gracious manners of an earlier generation"



As "Princess May" the Queen was brought up very simply at Richmond, but even in this girlish picture, you can detect her regal dignity and charm

The little parish church at Sandringham, where the Queen worships whenever she is at "home"

...Mary ...a ...itude

Queen's knowledge that the girl has always cherished an ambition to be a nurse.

Why should she not be a nurse? Her own experience—and suffering—will surely give her understanding and compassion? So reasons the royal mistress.

And somewhere in the British Empire is an excellent nurse who has reason to be grateful to Queen Mary.

The greater part of the morning, then, is devoted to letters.

Then there is the Master of the Household to be seen; some official from the Office of Works about a carpet or a piece of furniture.

Then there is an interview with Mrs. More, the able successor as housekeeper to Mrs. Bill, who has now retired from active service, having been nurse and companion to each of the Queen's children, to whom she is known affectionately by the name of "Lalla."

Consider the "domestic" responsibilities that devolve on the Queen.

At Windsor alone there are a thousand odd private rooms in addition to the State apartments.

It is true that the Queen does not personally descend on the larder or turn over the linen-cupboards; but she knows the condition of these places.

She can turn up her sleeves (she has done so at Holyrood) and arrange a room, fix the carpet, adjust the curtains.

She designed the lovely Wedgwood and Chinese rooms at Windsor; her ladies-in-waiting have seen her change the pictures in the servants' bedrooms if the pictures were negligently hung.

Her housekeepers, whose business is with the cleanliness of the rooms and the care of the housemaids, work devotedly for the Queen. So, too, does the Office of Works, whose officials are responsible for the care of the furniture, carpets and the upkeep of the buildings.

Expert in antiques

Moreover, the Queen has made herself an expert in antiques, the better to guard the old china, furniture and pictures which are the possession of the nation even though they adorn Windsor Castle and other of the royal residences.

She has been known personally to examine the plans for new cottages to be erected at Sandringham, to ensure that the King's workmen and their wives should be comfortably housed.

No human matter is too inconsiderable for the Queen's active and genuine concern.

She is lucky to be surrounded in her ceaseless work by a devoted band of men and women, whose only pleasure lies in her service.

Chief among them ranks Sir Harry Verney, her private secretary and principal man of business. Tall, good-looking and immaculate, he seems the incarnation of Victorian courtliness.

To keep pace with the Queen's affairs, Sir Harry is necessarily something of an Admirable Crichton, conversant with the latest developments in every subject under the sun.

After his present labours he would find it simple to manage a department store or to found a universal information bureau. He is a politician, connoisseur, antiquarian, host, financial expert and relieving officer all in the space of half an hour's attendance on Her Majesty.

Perhaps his most delicate and difficult duty is to act as a sort of benevolent private detective for the Queen.

Wherever Her Majesty goes, whatever gathering she attends, she can always find some personal and intimate remark for those whom she meets.

How is it all done? Sir Harry could tell you, if he liked. Very quietly he discovers the necessary facts, and stores the Queen's mind with them.

He finds out that to speak of this mayor's wife would be tactless, for she is recently dead; or that to ask after that woman's aunt would bring happiness, because the aunt was one of Queen Alexandra's dressmakers.

To be sure it is all very simple—very trivial, if you like to put it that way—but what a wealth of kindness and understanding it shows on the part of Sir Harry Verney and of his Mistress!

Well-dressed dignity

Sir Harry's wife, the Lady Joan Verney, is one of the Queen's bedchamber women, and frequently is in attendance on Her Majesty in private and on public occasions.

A daughter of the late Earl of Desart, she is dignified, gracious and invariably beautifully turned out. She takes a keen interest in architecture, household decoration, furniture and china, on which subject she possesses an expert knowledge as wide as the Queen's.

The Queen's ladies go "in waiting" in turn, for a fortnight at a time, and none of them is more warmly welcomed on her arrival for duty than Lady Cynthia Colville, a daughter of Lord Crewe, who inherits her father's diplomatic tact and skill.

In addition, Lady Cynthia is devoted to social work. When she is not in attendance on the Queen, much of her time is spent down in Poplar, busy on maternity work.

Lady Cynthia is no "ornamental," aristocratic worker, but a downright capable woman, always prepared to turn to and take her part in any activity.

Mellow and racy

Two of the Queen's elder ladies are Lady Airlie and Lady Bertha Dawkins. The former, in appearance and manner, preserves all that was best in the "great lady" of the last century.

Hers is a mellow and racy personality, never lacking a witty remark in any situation.

Lady Airlie accompanied the Queen on her tours of inspection among the British hospitals in France during the war years.

Lady Bertha Dawkins, like Lady Airlie, preserves the gracious manners of an earlier generation. Her prime interest in life concerns a myriad charitable organisations, which know in her an indefatigable benefactor.

Her hobby is needlework, in which art she is highly skilled, and she greatly assists the Queen in her work in connection with various needlework guilds.

Lady Bertha possesses the most generous heart. She would kill herself by doing kindnesses, unless her friends prevented her.

And yet, though so many devoted helpers surround her, there comes precious little rest or leisure to the Queen.

Brief leisure

In addition to housekeepers, officials of one kind and another, the management of a vast correspondence, and even vaster domestic affairs, there are dressmakers to be seen, shoemakers, milliners, who fit her for the endless social functions that also form part of her duties.

Such brief leisure as she enjoys is spent, whenever possible, in the company of her husband, or with her books, for the Queen is a great reader of memoirs and history, and is well abreast of modern literature.

She gives her service generously and to the utmost of her capacity; and remembering her prodigious labours, it is well also to remember the remark she made on one occasion:

"I do not think I have ever been bored!"

Try a Manikin!

Friendly restful little smokes these Manikins—Calm consolation in every puff.

Care vanishes with the first whiff and you are sure of half an hour's complete enjoyment before you lay aside the tiny end.

Your tobacconist will be delighted to supply you with a packet—10d. buys 5.

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Real Life Stories— *—by Famous Authors*

"I shall never forget the horror of the croupiers, the amazement of the other gamblers, my incredulous delight. This was magic

Illustrated by George Woods

When the Luck Turned

by

C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS

—who as "Ephesian" writes brilliant and provocative biographies. Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Winston Churchill are among his recent "victims"

EVERYONE who gambles, whether at cards, roulette, stocks and shares or racing, knows how frequently quite unexpected combinations occur. At cards, for example, luck may run with a certain seat at a table.

During the last month I have played bridge nearly every evening. I held bad cards the whole time until last night, when in two consecutive hands I held "a hundred aces" each time.

That is a typical example of the sort of thing which makes fiction-writers chary of writing gambling stories. No matter how true the incidents may be, no matter how probable they are in their improbability, it is too much to expect the reader to accept as plausible the sort of coincidences and queer accidents which happen every day to gamblers.

Here is a series of events which happened to me a few years ago. I have often wanted to write a story about them, but I knew that, written as fiction, they would be regarded as ludicrously improbable. Yet they are true.

Spain is in many ways the oddest country in Europe. Of all the rest it most resembles Russia. The reason is, perhaps, that each is on the edge of Europe, with one foot in an alien continent. Nowhere else is there such a gap—in the case of Russia I suppose I ought to say "was there such a gap"—between rich and poor; nowhere else does the veneer of modern civilisation lie so strangely upon an older and different style of life.

I need not elaborate this; I mention it only to explain why I was somewhat surprised, on entering the hall of my hotel on the Alhambra hill at Granada, encircled by the bizarre and ancient Moorish palaces, to find a well-equipped table in full activity.

There is very little difference between a roulette-table in one country and in another. In this case the only difference between the croupiers and gamblers at Granada from those with whom I was familiar in other countries was that they spoke Spanish. The sharp announcements of the croupiers, the self-congratulations of the winners, the oaths of the losers and the everlasting disputes, were all in that lisping tongue.

But, after all, roulette is the simplest game in the world, and I did not allow my meagre knowledge of Spanish to stop me from securing a vacant chair at the table.

The cashier changed my notes for a pile of obsolete Spanish silver coins, representing, if I remember rightly, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. I piled these in front of me and pondered what I should risk.

Simultaneously I became aware that my neighbour was looking at me.

She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Her eyes were brown and large and limpid. She parted her black hair in the centre and carried it in a wave over her eyes, while a single lock curved over the left side of her large forehead.

Her nose was straight and shapely; her chin was delicate but strong. The purple lipstick of her mouth set off her beauty, and seemed natural to her curious charm. She wore a gay Spanish shawl over her black evening-frock.

"You are English?" she whispered.

"And you are American," I replied, detecting her accent.

"I want you to back 24!"

This was a queer opening to conversation.

"Why 24?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders, and at

Next Week—A TRUE CRIME MYSTERY

at moment the little ivory ball fell
to a slot in the spinning roulette-
heel. The croupier cried "Twenty-
ur!"

"What did I tell you?" murmured
y neighbour. "Back it this time in-
ead!"

Irritated at missing the first throw,
could not believe that it would turn
this time. But she was really very
retty and I threw five of my silver
ollars on 24. I smiled at her, but
e was looking at the wheel.

AGAIN the ball rattled across the disc. Again the eager gamblers stared at their stakes. Again the bored crou-
iers looked sharply from side to side
prevent cheating.

"Twenty-four," announced the chief,
slight note of surprise in his voice.
is not so usual for the same num-
r to turn up twice running. One of
s assistants pushed a heap of dollars
wards me, and I glanced at the girl.

"Leave them all on 24," she whis-
red.

"But it can't turn up three times."

"I tell you, leave them on."

She was, I repeat, very pretty in-
ed. Reconciling myself to losing
hat I had just won, I left the money
24.

This is a true story, or I should not
re to tell my readers that 24 turned
again, for the third consecutive
me.

This time there was no mistaking the
tonishment in the croupier's voice.
e other gamblers exclaimed, and
ared at me as if I was the devil.

I saw a little man near me slink
m his seat and out of the room, and
did not doubt that he was a detec-
e in the service of the Casino and
at he was off to examine my pass-
rt in the hall-porter's office. I had
reason to fear his enquiry.

I had never set foot in Granada be-
re; nor did I know any of the crou-
ers. He could not be aware that my
y reason for staking on 24 was the
spered advice of my unknown
ighbour.

"And this time?" I asked her, as
wheel began to revolve. Everyone
fficials and players alike—looked to
what number I would back this
e.

"I don't know," she said. "Come on
terrace."

collected my dollars—a heavy heap
—and prepared to take them to the
hier to change them into currency
es.

"Wait a while," said the girl. "I
ss 24 will have another run later
."

We went out on a terrace, and sat
n. Before us stretched the Spanish
in, twinkling lights disclosing the
ition of its rare villages. Far away
oft, grey shimmer in the sky indi-
d the summits of the Sierra Ne-
da, the Snowy Ridge.

would have been a wonderful
evening in any case; it was doubly
so with so charming a companion
and with that load of dollars in my
ket.

We chatted for an hour or so. I
rned that her name was Stephanie,
she was travelling alone through
urrop," and that I should have the
portunity of meeting her again when
eturned, in a month's time, to my
e in Paris.

Then she said, "It's getting cold,
I think 24 will be coming up again.
's go back to the roulette."

he room was not so full now, but
ple began to crowd in when they
us return. Stephanie warned me
she did not feel confident about
first spin, so I staked only a single
ar on 24. It did not turn up.

Back it now!" she whispered, and,
feeling that everything was ab-
d and unreal, I plastered 24 and its
joining numbers and its column and
dozen with my stakes.

turned up!

shall never forget the horror of the
mers, the amazement of the other
blers, my incredulous delight. This
magic. This was second sight. I
like an aboriginal who sees his

The Body of Sir Henry

by AUGUSTUS MUIR

Telling of a strange encounter at a lonely crossroad in the darkness of a storm-swept night, and of the thrilling events it led up to. And of how a burning cigarette brought about the capture of a remarkably cool villain and his beautiful associate.

first aeroplane descend and men step out of it.

She would not let me stake any more. This time I refused to pass the cashier's desk; the dollars were too heavy for me to carry in comfort. It took time for him to count them and to prepare their equivalent in notes.

Stephanie had gone on, and I waited for the man to end his calculations. Two or three of the dollars fell on the floor. I picked them up and, for want of anything better to do, tossed one on the cloth.

"TWENTY-FOUR, sir?" enquired the croupier—I had tipped him well before rising.

"Yes." Something else turned up. I threw a couple of dollars on 24 for the next spin, and turned away to collect my money at the desk. I was leaving the room when the croupier called me back. 24 had turned up again!

I had no opportunities during the next year to play roulette. Then I found myself on board a small steamer in the Baltic on my way to Russia. We were calling at Dantzig, and the captain, who, being English, was a born gambler, told me that a casino had been opened at Zoppot, a few miles from the city.

I told him of my experience at Granada, my meeting with Stephanie and her advice to back 24. Half in jest, half seriously, I advised him also to back 24 at the roulette-table.

He could not leave the ship at the same time as myself, and it was not till late in the night that we met again on board.

"Thank you very much for your tip," he greeted me. "The chief engineer and I backed 24 all the evening, and made a packet. If it turned up once, it turned up a dozen times. What luck did you have? We saw you at another table."

I told him that I had backed 24 ten times, that it had turned up thrice, and that I had then stopped playing.

I did not play roulette again—you may be sure that there was none in Russia in those early revolutionary days—until two or three years later, when I went to the Riviera for Christmas.

By that time I had almost forgotten these previous experiences; only the sight of the tables in the *Salles Privées* on New Year's Eve reminded me of them.

The party of whom I was one was intent on the rival game of *trente et quarante*, and it was very late before we wandered over to the roulette-table.

I THOUGHT of Stephanie and threw a plaque, representing 100 francs, on 24. I was quite certain that it would turn up, and it did. Thus I won 3,500 francs.

"Pretty good," laughed my host. "Now what are you going to do?"

"I shall leave it on, and hope that 24 turns up again."

"You needn't trouble," he said. "The table's closed for the night."

And so it was. We drove away and celebrated the arrival of the New Year by a long drive over the mountains and down into Nice.

Three days later I slipped away from my friends and returned to the casino.

Utterly confident now that 24 was my lucky number, and that I had only to back it consistently to win a fortune, I sat down at the tables and began to plunge.

I remembered the first time I had backed 24 at Granada—the strange advice from my pretty neighbour, its incredible success, the talk on the terrace, the further success at the table.

I remembered pleasant meetings with Stephanie later on in Paris. I remembered waving her good-bye at the station when she went south to join her husband in Cairo.

I remembered the little British steamer in the Baltic, the sight of fat Germans bathing naked at Zoppot, and the luck which not only I, but the captain and the chief engineer too, had enjoyed in the casino afterwards.

And the memory of that single throw on New Year's Eve was very fresh. I anticipated an easy path to riches, now that I was at Monte Carlo and in possession of this wonder-working secret which Stephanie had given me.

I lost my winnings of New Year's Eve in a quarter of an hour. 24, on which I staked every time, did not turn up, but 23 did and 25 and then 23 again.

I had a little more money with me, and I telephoned to my friends to send me over some cheques.

Then I set myself to back 24 by rising stakes. I was supremely confident that it was only a matter of time before it would turn up, not once but many times, and before I added to the amazing run of luck which I had enjoyed ever since I met Stephanie in Spain.

It never turned up at all. 22, 23, 25 and 26 arrived again and again, but not 24.

Once I left my chair to telephone for more money. As I passed another roulette-table I heard the croupier announce that 24 had arrived there.

And when I took my seat again, an attendant who was sympathetically watching my experience told me that, had I delayed a single throw before telephoning, I would have recovered all my losses. I sighed, thought of Stephanie, and went on backing the magic number.

Still 24's neighbours came and came, and still it eluded me. When I left the Casino that night I had lost nearly a thousand pounds. I have never played roulette for more than tiny stakes since.

• • •

A VERY ordinary story you will say. What is there in it—except perhaps the odd meeting with Stephanie and, following her advice, the remarkable (but not wholly unusual) runs of 24 at Granada and Zoppot—to make the reader consider it incredible?

Only this: a sentence from a letter which I received a couple of months later, when I had entered Fleet Street to earn back the money I had lost at Monte Carlo:

"Did you know that poor Stephanie died in Cairo on New Year's Day?"

Going! Going! G. . . !

The "JOHN BULL Summer Annual," price 6d., is almost sold out, but your newsagent may still have a copy or two left. Going—going—g . . . !

Air Speed Kings say:
Breakfast Bread *with* Golden Shred
. . . is on a plane by itself

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No 9 a/p

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Since 1892, nearly every famous dog has been kept in fine condition and free from illness by Bob Martin's Condition Powders (tasteless). Mr. C. H. Bishop, of Bushey, Herts, the owner of several well-known Smooth Fox Terriers, wrote recently: "*It may interest you to know that I got the Bob Martin habit when I was a boy. My Father always used your Condition Powders, and naturally I followed and kept on a sure thing. Your Condition Powders, Worm Tablets, '92 Ointment and Cleansfur are in constant use in my kennels.*"

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BRITAIN'S BEST MILK CHOCOLATE

FOUR KINDS: Plain Milk; or with Toasted Almonds; or Nut Brazil; or Almonds and Raisins. Sold by Good Class Confectioners in all sizes from 1d. to 1/2

Ask for the 6d. CHUBBY BAR.

FOR A PERFECT CUSTARD
FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD

in exact quantity must be used. A 4½d. carton contains 6 and an 8½d. carton 12 separate pint pkts—the exact quantity to make a perfect custard

FREE CASH PRIZES.

£200 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 23. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese, or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Wednesday, September 11. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts. Enter at once!

NEVER has the Catholic Church in England shown such virility and growth, and held such promise for the future, as it does to-day.

On September 13 a great congress will open at Westminster to celebrate, on behalf of over four million Catholics, one hundred years of Catholic emancipation in Britain.

Who are the men in the Catholic hierarchy who are maintaining the Church in its present size and influence?

The highest position in the hierarchy is held by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster and the Metropolitan, President of all Archbishops and Bishops in England and Wales.

Cardinal Bourne is a quiet, unobtrusive man. He has no fads or hobbies. A certain person once said that he was "conspicuous chiefly through his sanctification of reason." He lives by reason. Except where his religious beliefs are concerned, he has no enthusiasms.

He remains aloof from what is known as Society, although he is the first Archbishop of Westminster to dine at Buckingham Palace.

He has friends among the dignitaries of other religions. Lord Davidson, recent Archbishop of Canterbury, is a great personal friend of his, and except for his brief incursion into the Protestant see of York a year or two ago to hold a Catholic ceremony, which offended Dr. Cosmo Lang, the relations between the Cardinal and the present Archbishop of Canterbury have always been friendly.

Perhaps the only idiosyncrasy of the Cardinal is his extraordinary aptitude for detail. When he is going on a journey he acquires a knowledge of train service, changing places, and dining-car attachments which any railway enquiry clerk might envy.

The Cardinal packs

He usually keeps his plans to himself until the last moment. A harassed secretary, being informed that the Cardinal was to leave almost at once for Rome, rushed into the private apartments and discovered His Eminence laying out suits of underwear on his bed.

The packing, except for these details, had already been done by the Cardinal himself.

Once he is back at Westminster, he goes to the cathedral to inspect all the work that is being done. He knows every inch of the vast building, the names of all the workmen, and something of each of their private affairs.

In ecclesiastical spheres the Cardinal maintains the same rigid aloofness from other people's business. He scorns wire-pulling and ecclesiastical intrigue. He rose to his present position without any kind of influence.

Francis Bourne is the son of a Civil Servant. His father was chief clerk in the Receiver-General's branch of the Post Office, a pioneer of the Co-operative Movement and a part founder of the Civil Service Supply Association's Stores. His mother was the daughter of a Dublin shopkeeper.

Second, perhaps, in the public eye among the pillars of the Roman Church in England is the Most Reverend Dr. Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool. Here is a challenging prelate, aged forty-eight, with downright views about everything—even Epstein, the sculptor.

It is a miracle that he ever became a priest. When he got the opportunity to enter St. Edward's College, Liverpool, to train for the priesthood, he was only in Standard IV. at an elementary school.

Three weeks stood between him and the qualifying examination for the college, and to pass he had to rise to the level of a Standard VII. student.

Young Downey assimilated the three years' work which separated him from "VII." in ten hours.

He is a remarkable man. He has an international reputation inside and outside ecclesiastical realms. He has written voluminously. He is a great preacher. He has crossed and corrected Mr. H. G. Wells in public debate.

He is going to build a cathedral in Liverpool to emulate the vast new Anglican cathedral there—the work, by the way, of a Roman Catholic architect, Sir Gilbert Scott.

This Archbishop's mother lived in a grocer's shop.

The Archbishop of Cardiff cannot boast such humble upbringing. He is the scion of a noble and ancient Catholic family, which traces its lineage back to Tudor Trevor, Lord of Hereford in the ninth century, from whom Henry VII. was descended.

His mother's family came from Normandy with the Conqueror, and their family name is recorded in the Battle Abbey Roll. At least three of the Archbishop's ancestors suffered death as martyrs to their faith.

The Most Rev. Francis Joseph Mostyn, D.D., is the second surviving son of the late Sir Pyers Mostyn, eighth Baron of Talacre, and he was appointed Archbishop of Cardiff in 1921. He was born at Talacre in 1860, and he has since sold his home to the nuns.

He is a jovial man, popular with all classes, and a great friend of Cardinal Bourne, at whose house he always stays when he comes to London. He is also very popular at Rome.

The Archbishop-elect of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, the Most Rev. Joseph McDonald, is similarly highly born. He is descended from one of the oldest and wealthiest Highland families, the Catholic McDonalds of Inverness, who fought and suffered heavily in the cause of the Stuarts.

Abbot to Archbishop

The rise of the new Archbishop to his present eminence is one of the most rapid of modern times. Ten years ago he was a plain Benedictine monk. Then he became Abbot of Fort Augustus, a monastery with a remarkably chequered career, whence he was appointed straight to the Scottish see.

It is due to his efforts that the once-famous school, Fort Augustus Abbey, is to be started again.

Contrary to a fairly widespread belief, there is no Catholic Primate in England. The only Primate in the British Isles is the Archbishop of Armagh, the Most Rev. Joseph McRory, Primate of Ireland.

He is a remarkable man, who has guided the faith with tact and discretion through many stormy years.

As Archbishop of Down, he did much to quell the dangerous rioting which disturbed Belfast for so many years. He is a great preacher, a great wit, and a very learned man.

At the top (left) is Archbishop Donald McIntosh of Glasgow — a veritable father to his people

Cardinal Bourne joins his hands, Archbishop Downey holds his behind his back. In the circle is Abbot Archbishop-elect of St. Andrews and Edinburgh

ROME'S STRONG MEN *in Britain*

HERE are some figures, officially compiled, which show the rapid growth of the Roman Catholic Church since 1829.

(The statistics are for England and Wales. Those for Scotland are not obtainable in a reliable form.)

Number of Catholics to-day, 2,156,146.

Number of Catholics in 1829, 200,000 (about).

Number of churches and chapels, 2,183.

Number of secular clergy, 2,742.

Number of elementary and secondary schools, 2,770.

Number of their pupils, 425,199.

£200 FOR LIMERICKS

From Derry came Bridget O'Flynn
To be a West End mannequin.
Her style and her brogue
Became quite the vogue

1st. PRIZE £50

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100 PRIZES OF 10/-
100 PARCELS (Value 10/-) OF DIPLOMA PURE FOODS
200 BOXES OF CHEESE EACH CONTAINING SIX OR EIGHT PORTIONS
200 TINS of CORONET MILK.

Cheddar or Cheshire
6, 8, or 12 portions
1/4½

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: (7),
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Wednesday, September 11, 1929.

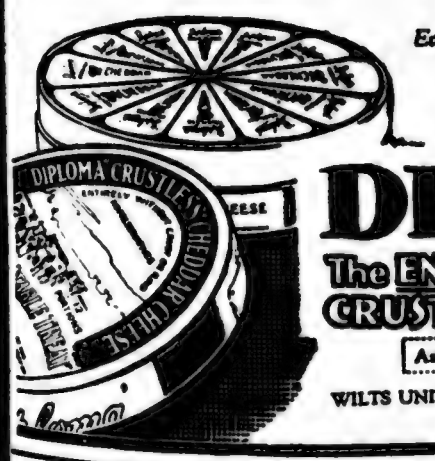
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

£50 WINNER.

A chauffeur who hailed from Mayfair
Was blessed with extremely red hair;
He'd drive every night
Without any light,
What struck me was his bonnet, not hair.

£50 WINNER.

A budding young poet of Kew,
Wrote, "My inspiration is you
Oh, Crustless Diploma!
Your taste, your aroma,
Even Editors can't refuse you!



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The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Ask also for 'MOONRAKER' BUTTER

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 24.

A pleasant journey to you

TRAIN, charabanc, car or aeroplane—all long journeys are tedious. Nerves become frayed—the brain wearied.

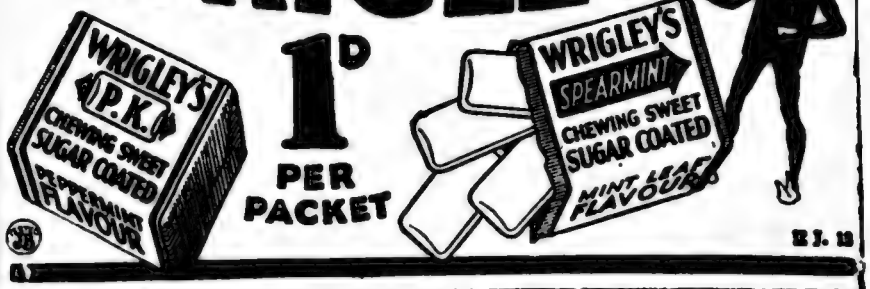
Break the tedium—relax the tension—by the use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. Any doctor will tell you that chewing has a soothing effect on strained nerves.

It calms and relaxes the whole nervous system—rests and refreshes mind and body as well.

Wrigley's also does you good in other ways. It cleanses teeth and mouth as nothing else can. Taken after meals it helps digestion, sweetens the breath and removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking.

Always have Wrigley's handy. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

WRIGLEY'S



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A NATIONAL REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

Practically every sufferer from indigestion comes at last to 'Bisurated' Magnesia and finds quick relief. Thousands of one-time sufferers have found this famous antacid successful even in cases which seemed hopeless, and to-day 'Bisurated' Magnesia is known as the national remedy for acid-caused digestive troubles. The moment 'Bisurated' Magnesia is taken relief is felt, the pain goes, the inflamed stomach lining is soothed, healed and strengthened, and a sound, healthy digestion soon follows. If you suffer with indigestion try 'Bisurated' Magnesia without delay. It costs but 1s. 3d. a package from your chemist, and if half-a-teaspoonful of powder (or two or three tablets) is taken in a little water after meals, you will be amazed to find that you are free at last to eat anything without the dread of pain or discomfort to follow.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Proprietors of "John Bull"

PARENTHOOD:
DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?
A Manual of Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING
Preface by H. G. WELLS *Five Diagrams*

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."
From H. G. Wells' preface.

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.
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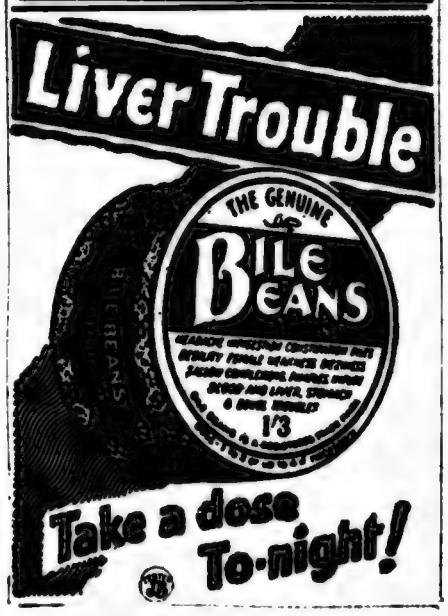


A sergeant in the British Army on the Rhine "fratting" with a German girl through a window. Soon he'll bring her home to England as his wife

Tommies' GERMAN WIVES

Prepare to leave for England

ANY Tommy in the British Army on the Rhine going before his C.O. in the early days of the occupation of German territory and announcing in a clear, firm voice that he intended to take a German Fräulein for better or for worse, met with a distinctly icy reception.

It was against the policy of the High Command to encourage such marriages—it could not prevent them. They led to "fratting." Fratting meant fraternising—a highly dangerous practice in those days.

In 1918 some fifteen or twenty divisions of British troops were pitchforked on to a sullen, starving population. The war had just ended. The blockade was still on.

Along the Rhine the French were distinguishing themselves by garrisoning the area they occupied with regiments of native black African troops.

Hatred against the Allies reigned on every side.

Official brides

If a Tommy over twenty-six years of age married a German girl he was entitled to bring her "on the strength." Most of the wives of British soldiers on the Rhine had lost near and dear relatives in the war, and they were in no mood to be sociable towards German women sharing their rank and privileges.

Furthermore, Tommy himself needed watching. He was always a bad hater. Once he had beaten a man, he wanted to help him back on his feet, and there were "ugly" stories about that he was sharing his rations with starving women and children.

Difficult days for mixed marriages!

Of course, we know now that it was Tommy who finally got the blockade taken off. It was that or trouble, and the big-wigs at Versailles didn't want trouble just then, especially from British troops.

When the blockade went, things brightened up considerably. Tommy liked the young German girls. Living conditions were luxurious. The mark was inflated like a balloon and the British pound was worth a ransom.

Small wonder that the wedding-bells rung with increasing frequency over the bridgehead of Cologne!

But it was still difficult to bring a German wife on to the strength. The story is told of a German wife, married to a British corporal, who heard one morning that the sergeant-major's youngest child was ill.

Milk was very difficult to obtain, but the German girl's family kept a little farm outside Cologne.

Later that morning the girl stood on the sergeant-major's doorstep with a large can of fresh milk in her hand. The sergeant-major's wife answered her knock. The milk was offered to her. She refused it curtly.

"Thank you, but I don't want any favours from people who killed one of my brothers. Good morning!"

The German girl flushed and put her foot against the closing door.

"Madam," she said simply, "your soldiers killed *all* my brothers."

The British woman wavered. Then she opened the door.

"I'm sorry," she said gently. "Will you come in?"

The two women remain good friends to this day.

On another occasion a small and pretty German girl married to a young English private found that her bitterest enemy in the regiment was a woman whose father had died in a German prison camp.

The woman, wife of an infantry lance-corporal, declared that she was positive that the Germans had murdered her father.

One day, the news came to Cologne that her father was alive and in England, and was coming out to Cologne to meet the young German soldier who had saved his life.

After infinite bother with the authorities the trip was arranged. The young German soldier turned out to be the brother of the much-hated pretty German girl, and no one was prouder to acknowledge the fact than the woman who was once her enemy.

There is the story of a smart young British cavalry sergeant who was discovered a week after his marriage surreptitiously eating a large meal in the Salvation Army canteen.

"What's up, Bert?" enquired a comrade. "Busted with yer Frau?"

Sergeant Bert coloured from the neck of his tunic upwards.

"Not exactly, Fred," he gulped hastily. "I ain't quite used to her cooking yet!"

A Salvation Army official happened to overhear the complaint. The next day, Mrs. Bert was receiving instruction in British cooking in the canteen kitchen.

The many organisations on the Rhine devoted to Tommy's welfare have done much to ease conditions regarding mixed marriages. Most of them employ German girls, and "fratting," while not encouraged, is never frowned upon.

It is not a matter for surprise, therefore, that as the Army of Occupation's stay on the Rhine lengthened, marriages with German girls and British Tommies became more frequent.

Wiesbaden sniffs

Any visitor to Wiesbaden to-day, although he would have great difficulty in finding the quarters of the British troops, would soon discover in the Kursaal that the British soldier is on the best of terms with the populace.

He dances with the German girls and "frats" with their brothers as naturally as with British girls and soldiers.

Wiesbaden remains officially aloof from such social intercourse, but the parades on the Exerzier Platz are usually well attended by the critical inhabitants of the famous Spa.

Many British soldiers have married, left the Army and set up in business on the Rhine. One of the best-attended halls for whist-drives is run by a syndicate of these old soldiers.

Another time-expired man with a German wife runs a sports outfitter's business with considerable profit.

As every kind of sport is encouraged by the authorities, this ex-soldier has not the slightest intention of returning to certain unemployment in his native land.

Perhaps the greatest reason for the "fratting" and the marrying of German girls lies in the fact that the greater part of the British Army on the Rhine is composed of young soldiers who know nothing of the grim horrors of the war years.

Coming home

Soon, however, the British flag will be hoisted and lowered for the last time on the Exerzier Platz. The Rhine Army is coming home. Six thousand young English soldiers, many of them accompanied by their wives and children, will entrain for Dover and Ostend.

And among the womenfolk will be a few shy, nervous women with a slight knowledge of English, immensely proud of their husbands, but otherwise friendless in this strange land.

They will soon find that life in an English garrison town is just as happy as it was at Wiesbaden.

THERE GOES THE WHISTLE!

The ball's on the move. . . . Now the forwards are taking it up the field. . . . There's a man down—two of them. . . . The goalie's hopping about like a two-year-old. . . . In comes the ball to the centre. . . . The crowd holds its breath.

Ah, where in the world will you find a thrill like the first football-match of the season?

Why, on page 35. There the thrill of competing for a Giant Prize of 2,000 Guineas is waiting for you. Somebody like you is going to win all that money, just for putting a few words together into a *Bullet*.

Transfer yourself to the *Bullets* team and shoot straight for the 2,000 Guineas goal.

(May we help you to score by sending a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin"? See offer on page 38.

DULL, LISTLESS, EASILY TIRED?
DON'T BLAME THE WEATHER!

Look in your Mirror for Warnings of Constipation!

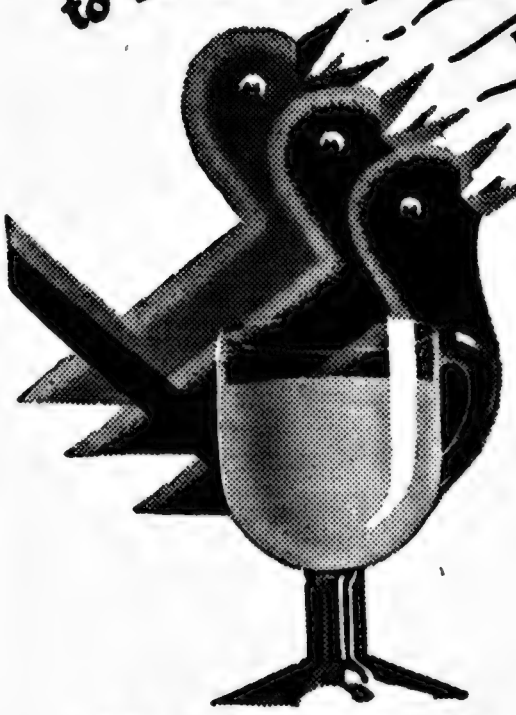
Eyes that have lost their sparkle? Skin—pale and muddy and unhealthy? Tongue—white and coated? These are signs that incomplete elimination (which is really unsuspected constipation) is flooding your system with poisons. Whenever you see these signs, take Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning. In Eno's "Fruit Salt" you have the simplest, most natural corrective of constipation. Eno clears your system thoroughly and punctually of waste matter, simply by aiding Nature to retain in the food canal sufficient fluid to dilute and dismiss the poisons. It forms no disagreeable habit; irritates no tissue. Eno cleanses your bloodstream of impurities and the result quickly shows in your eyes and skin—in your renewed vigour—in your freedom from headaches, depression, sleeplessness, indigestion, and the other consequences of incomplete elimination. Take Eno every morning.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno—the world-famed effervescent saline—costs 1/6 *and (double quantity)* 2/6. *The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.*

Something to sing about!

One Pint 1½d.
Five Pints 6½d.
Eight Pints 10½d.



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no change in quality

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The vitamins you need to keep you in health are retained intact in

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Best Bakers Bake it.
HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

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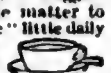
Blithe as a schoolboy

Bad temper & biliousness banished

"An omnibus conductor for 15 years, I know life is very trying, with the weather and the thousand types of passengers. For years I used to get very bad tempered, and am sure I was well known for my irritability. I suffered often from headaches and had periodical biliousness. Knowing the cause of these two latter terrors, I thought I would try your Kruschen Salts. During the last eight years I have daily taken Kruschen, never once missing, and with fine results. I never now get a headache nor a bilious attack. Naturally the irritability has gone with them. 'Like a boy let early out of school' is my general feeling."

2nd June, 1929. P. S. DAY.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the cause of ill-temper is ill-health—the result of sluggish eliminating organs that allow waste matter to accumulate and poison the blood. The "little daily dose" of Kruschen puts an end to all this because it restores the eliminating organs to proper activity by providing them with the daily reminder and daily aid that they require.



Tasteless in tea.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

Solving the Problem of Unwanted Hair

River girls, bathing girls, tennis girls, in fact every girl, will find Veet a quick, pleasant satisfactory solution to the perplexing problem of superfluous hair. Razors make the hair grow faster and thicker and merely remove the hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet is a wonderful perfumed cream which has been used by millions to get rid of those disfiguring growths of hair which destroy charm and daintiness. Simply spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere. *Beware of Imitations!*

Free Trial. Sample size in plain wrapper by post 6d. in stamps. Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 502H.), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1

Mentholatum for MIDGE and GNAT BITES

ALL CHEMISTS 1/3

Binnie Hale on the SCANDAL MONGERS

"I feel I have been far too mild"

NOT so very many years ago, when the world in general was a little more narrow-minded than it is to-day, a woman who transgressed the path of righteousness had a peculiar appellation bestowed on her by her fellow-creatures.

It was said that she had "fallen."

Nobody, except perhaps those blessed with a sense of proportion, ever had a good word for her. She was an outcast, and her right place was the gutter.

Fortunately, that uncharitable outlook does not exist to the same extent any longer. People have grown far more tolerant, for they realise that the world is peopled with beings who, in addition to having human graces, are also liable at any moment to succumb to human weakness.

Consequently, our attitude towards the "fallen" woman has undergone a remarkable change.

There is one class of woman, however, who still seems to be the butt of the immoral-minded. That class consists of the stage actress, and I belong to it.

Here is an incident showing the state of affairs which occasionally arises even in these enlightened times. It actually happened to a friend of mine whose name is known to every theatregoer in London and the bigger provincial towns.

She continued playing her part at a time when she was thoroughly ill. For several days she managed to struggle through until things became so bad that she was compelled to give in.

Sly looks

When she returned to the cast, she was greeted with sly looks and odd remarks from other members of the company.

That she could stand. But she was horrified when her own best friend came out with the remark: "I didn't ask what was the matter, because I thought perhaps it was domestic trouble."

Here is a personal case. An old lady once went to my hairdresser's, and somehow or other my name came up. What was said was never told to me; but my hairdresser mentioned that I had a baby.

"I'm not surprised," replied the old lady promptly. "There is no telling what these actresses will do."

The hairdresser explained that I was married and therefore (I use his own delightful words) "entitled to have a baby."

What was the result?

The old lady muttered something not too charitable under her breath, from which the hairdresser gathered that she was thoroughly disappointed. Disappointed—because I was "respectable," as she herself would have put it.

I have often been in the position of refuting stupid rumours about actresses in the public eye; but often there is no personal friend present who is in a position to stop these stories spreading. It is uphill work.

There is a certain class of people who never hesitate to scandalise at the least opportunity—especially when they can use a serious illness as a framework.

"I see Miss —— has been taken away to hospital. The usual thing, I suppose. You know what these actresses are!"

Now, why should they say that?

Apart from the fact that it is the lowest and most contemptible form of conversation, there is no justification for it. The truth of the matter is, I suppose, that although the stage as a profession is no worse than most other walks of life, it has to suffer because its members live under a glare of publicity.

Stage people are constantly "in the news," and are regarded by the newspaper-reading public as a little more interesting personally than their next-door neighbours.

There are times when I have felt like crying my heart out at the sheer injustice of the scandalmongers, and at my own complete helplessness to "get back at" them.

But I do not feel like crying these days, for I console myself with the obvious answer to this question:

Which is more depraved: a woman whose only sin is the love of acting and who is thereby brought into public prominence, or a person who is so thoroughly sex-ridden that he or she can think of no better employment than to spread cheap and loathsome rumours which are without the slightest foundation?

The woman scandalmongers are nothing better than mental prostitutes; and the men offenders resemble in their moral outlook the old-time villains of provincial melodrama, whose one ambition in life was to seduce the defenceless heroine.

The Fiend in the Chimney

A chimney on fire! Soot ablaze scuttles down the chimney, scatters on the floor coverings, catches them alight and jeopardises all your precious belongings.

Guard against the fiend! Practise "Safety First" by keeping your chimneys clean; but if there should be a fire see that you are registered with JOHN BULL.

(Issued by the JOHN BULL Insurance Department in the interests of "Safety First.")

And even now I feel that I have been far too mild in my descriptions. Believe me, the only reason is that I am limited by what I may say in print.

Here is an incident that I must tell about myself. It concerns the time when, after having played for a long run in London, I was compelled to go away into the country for a while owing to kidney trouble.

My illness

Such a complaint as that is not exactly romantic, and one does not, as a rule, care to have it broadcast to all and sundry. The news was given out, therefore, that I was taking a short holiday to recover from an internal complaint.

About this time two men were travelling by train from London to Oxford. One was a middle-aged gentlemen and the other was a youth of what I call the "haw-haw" type.

The two got into conversation, and the youth eventually referred to the notice of my illness which had appeared in that day's paper.

"It's extraordinary to me," said the youth, "that such people can hope to hide these things up."

"What do you mean exactly?" asked the other.

The youth waved the paper with a vague gesture.

"Well, there's Binnie Hale," he smiled. "She's just gone away into the country because of internal trouble. You know what it is with people like that! She's been out on the tiles!"

His companion leaned forward deliberately, and there was a dangerous glint in his eye.

Routed!

"Listen to me, young man," he said. "If you want my candid opinion, I'll say that you are a miserable, low-down cad, whose most urgent need is a thorough mental spring-cleaning.

"Miss Hale is suffering from a kidney complaint, in exactly the same way that you might conceivably suffer from stomach-ache."

The youth flushed and tried to laugh scornfully.

"How do you know?" he sneered.

"I am Miss Hale's medical adviser," was the astonishing reply.

What satisfaction! At least one of the scandalmongers had been routed.

MISS LAURA LA PLANTE,

the Famous Film Actress, says:

"Acting for the films entails a great deal of travelling, so that scenes may be 'shot' in the right surroundings. I have one constant companion on every journey—a tube of Odol—which I never forget. For me there is no other dentifrice to take its place—no understudy, in fact! And I am sure nobody who has not used Odol can realise how fragrant and refreshing it can be."

1/- PER LARGE TUBE

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British Made with British Capital.

TOOTH PASTE

Aldwych

Have you seen Betty?

Yes, she came home dead tired.

She's having a bath.

¶ It is a wonderful sense of well-being that you get from a Reckitt's Bath Cube in the water of your bath. A feeling of physical rightness. It makes the water so soft—just like rain water. And then the water cleans and clears your pores—it makes your skin soft and supple. It acts like a real tonic.

RECKITT'S bath cubes

2d. EACH *or in cartons of* SIX *cubes for* 1/-

¶ ALL GROCERS AND STORES SELL THEM IN FOUR PERFUMES

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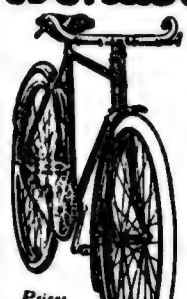

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The first sign you will notice after beginning Dr. Williams' pink pills is an increased appetite, and you find that you can eat without painful after-effects. Then you will notice an improvement in your general health, for Dr. Williams' pink pills not only tone up the stomach—they strengthen the whole system because they are the finest medicinal combination modern science has achieved for revitalising the human body.

Start taking Dr. Williams' pink pills now; of all chemists 3s. 0d. box.

FREE.—A booklet entitled "What To Eat," will be sent free to all victims of indigestion, who write to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Is he a Lawyer or A FAIRY GODFATHER?

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

I AM a law clerk, occupying a position of responsibility and trust in an old-fashioned firm. This means that in the course of my duties I become intimate with the private affairs of all the principal families in our town.

Secrets come my way, too, and though my lips are always honourably sealed as to these, what if holding the secret affects the legal rights of someone who stands to gain a considerable fortune if the facts were revealed?

Among the clients of my firm was a rich man whose family and financial affairs we have handled throughout several generations.

His will merely directed that after all outstanding claims had been paid, his fortune should be divided in equal shares between his two children. He leaves no widow and no issue save these two sons.

As they both were likely to become so rich, I felt interested to know more about them, especially as our client himself, in my hearing, had regretted that his two lads were completely estranged one from the other.

What had gone amiss even the father did not know, but the fact remained that they had not spoken to each other for more than twenty years. The father himself had neither seen nor heard of the younger one for years.

NOW the old man is dead, and it has fallen to my lot to do the greater part of the legal work involved.

The elder son has been in evidence all through, full of importance and pomposity, but the younger, living in a town at a considerable distance, was ill, and just prior to the final arrangements for dividing the inheritance he died.

This has, of course, meant an entirely new set of papers and documents to be examined in order that his share of the inheritance may justly descend to those he leaves behind.

To my distress I can find no proof whatever that he was properly married, or that his six children are anything but illegitimate.

I hold that, despite this apparent absence of a legal ceremony, the mother of the children is as truly the man's widow as though she had been to church, and that her children are fully entitled to anything their father possessed.

I have it in my power to suppress these facts with practically no fear of them ever coming to light, and because this family is still to educate and the mother is in dire poverty, I have decided to do so. Am I doing right?

"HUMANIST" says: Decidedly no. You are in duty bound, if you do not want to be a criminal, to report the non-production of documents necessary to substantiate the validity of the marriage.

In any case, if the man and woman lived together as man and wife in Scotland, as appears to be so, since you write from there, this would be a valid marriage, in spite of the absence of documents. Your clear duty is to declare everything.

THE UNJUST

Steward

"EVERY lass loves a sailor" has given rise to the fiction that Jack Tar has a wife in every port. But do the jokers ever realise that the converse is equally true—that some women have a husband in every ship.

I, chief steward on a splendid ocean-going liner, have terrible reason to believe it.

My wife presented me with "our first" before she was eighteen, and every three years since, with great regularity, we have had an addition to our family, twins coming twice. But here is my tragedy. There are eleven children in my home, and, without exception, all are feeble-minded.

The eldest, a girl still in her teens, has been "betrayed" twice, and is always out at night looking for partners in vice. The others range from simplicity to absolute idiocy, while the youngest is so horribly deformed that I can hardly bear to look at it.

I was in despair when I learned that once again my wife was *enceinte*, and I went to have a man-to-man talk with a doctor. Both he and a colleague declare that it is impossible for me to be the father of the pathetic group I have described. This makes it clear that I have been basely deceived.

I cannot go on indefinitely like this; neither do I want a divorce that would beggar me entirely. What ought I to do?

"HUMANIST" says: It is a pity you went on so long bringing feeble-minded children into the world. Do now what you should have done at the first sign of imbecility—secure for them institutional treatment that will give them the best chance of happiness, and don't try to shirk responsibility by vilifying your unhappy wife.

GIRL'S FIENDISH

Trick

A FEW months ago my wife made friends with a young woman who soon came to be regarded as a member of our family.

One night they met two young fellows whom the girl introduced to my wife.

The girl admitted that she was fond of one of these men and would like to accept his invitation to the "pictures." She preferred, however, to have company, "lest folks should talk."

My wife consented to "act goose-berry," but learned that she was to be partnered by the other man.

All I learned of the affair was from hints dropped by the girl that "married men who went to picture shows might see something interesting."

My suspicions were aroused, and the next time my wife and her friend went out in the evening I determined to follow them.

That night only one man turned up. Her girl friend asked my wife to go into the kinema with him while she waited outside.

I saw my wife and the other man come out when the show was over.

They walked a little way down a side street, then suddenly the man kissed my wife. I rushed up, knocked him down, and told my wife I had done with her.

She came home with me, however, saying she had been as much surprised by the kiss as I. My fury was such that I would not listen, and at last she left the house.

The girl friend came in a few minutes later. I unburdened myself to her, and nothing could exceed the girl's sweet sympathy.

Feeling that, in any case, my home was destroyed, I responded, taking the consolation that was offered and giving to the girl that love which no man should offer except to his lawful wife.

All too soon I realised how I had been tricked. The man who kissed my wife has apologised. My wife after this came home ready to laugh and forgive; but what a secret hell is mine.

The girl friend demands that the relations between us shall continue, or otherwise she will "tell."

Can you find a solution that will not rob me of both women's love?

"HUMANIST" says: Throw yourself on your wife's mercy, hoping that in time she may forgive. Get rid of the unprincipled girl friend at whatever cost.

Homely Wisdom—By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

LEARN of the DEVIL

BISHOP LATIMER, the martyr, who was put to death for his religious opinions in the sixteenth century, was an eloquent preacher.

He used to preach in the open air at St. Paul's Cross, in the City, and one of his most celebrated sermons contained the following passage:

"Who is the most diligent worker in all England, that passeth all the rest in the doing of his office? I will tell you. It is the devil! Of all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money; for he ordereth his business and persevereth therewith. If ye will not learn of God, my masters, for very shame learn of the devil."

I do not call attention to these words because Latimer was a martyr. All parties in Church and State persecuted for opinion in those days, and happily such martyrdoms are past.

But the words are memorable because they teach a decided truth. If people were half as earnest about the things that really matter in life as they usually are about petty gains and pleasures we should soon see signs and wonders.

Learn of the devil—using the word in a many-personal sense.

I was once asked in a public meeting in Los Angeles whether I believed in a personal devil. "Yes," I replied; "thousands of them."

The military party in Germany was the devil before the war, and it made the biggest hell on record, the militarists in other nations helping to start it and make it horrible while it lasted.

There are devils in plenty at work in the world to-day keeping mankind uneasy, setting class against class, people against people, and trading on our cowardly and selfish antipathies.

We sometimes say of an unscrupulous rascal that he has the devil's luck. That is exactly what he has.

He knows what he wants and goes for it. He hesitates at no lie, no trickery, no mean device; and things being what they are, he is likely enough to achieve his diabolical ends.

Now why should we not take example of the devil in a good sense?

When anything is worth doing let us put our back into it and try with all our might to win.

The reason why the whole country has rallied behind Philip Snowden is that to our surprise and delight we have found a man at last with the courage of his convictions and a strength of will that refuses to admit defeat.

He believed with all his heart that what he stood up for was right and just, and nothing could move him.

Those who greatly believe and greatly dare are the people who get things done in this stern but wonderful world of ours. Try it in your own little corner and see what comes of it.

HAD NO SLEEP FOR SOME TIME

Weeping Eczema Broke Out On Hands. Cuticura Healed.

"I had weeping eczema break out on my hands. Great big blisters came and when they broke the water from them caused great patches wherever it went. It itched and burned till I nearly went mad, and spread quickly. I got no sleep for some time.

"I tried other remedies but not one did any good. A friend advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a free sample. I was so pleased with the results that I purchased more, and in a short time I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss I Crisp, The Street, Hevingham, Norwich, Eng.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 11, Isaac St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

DANDRUFF Baldness LOSS of HAIR ?

Dandruff and falling hair are the first signs of approaching baldness. In these days of keen business competition, can you afford to neglect Nature's warning? Remember that your appearance is a business asset. A good, lustrous head of hair conveys youth, vigour and energy. Preserve and increase your Hair-growth by using KOTALKO.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 N.V.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Test Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY

CADBURY'S HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

with almonds & raisins

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Either Piano or Organ -- 20/-

THIS beautiful Pianoforte or Organ will be DELIVERED FREE to your home upon receipt of 20/-. The world-famed Crane Piano is an instrument of superb quality which you will be proud to own. Supplied in Rosewood, Mahogany or Walnut, hand polished to the sheen of a precious jewel.

EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS

The action is replete with every modern refinement. Iron frame, check action, full compass, full trichord, bushed keys, etc. The Tone is pure, and of rich expressive resonance, the Touch sensitive, precise and delicate. The "Stella" Organ is the ideal instrument for Home, Hall, or School, etc. The case is of dark walnut, tastefully carved. Fitted with bevelled mirror, music receptacle, swing fall board etc. Three sets of reeds, Eleven stops (including couplers). Two knee swells. The impressive tone is as near Pipe Organ sound as is possible to make a reed instrument. Send Post Card for Catalogue No. 240

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My SINISTER NEIGHBOUR

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 10.

When I (the Worm) Turned

SOME years ago I lived next to an old retired Indian official. He seemed peculiar, and studiously ignored his neighbours. Often, late at night, I could hear his voice, which mystified me, as he lived alone.

A casual visit of a distant relative disclosed the fact that the old chap had been in the habit of worshipping an idol, and at the same time solved the mystery of the disappearance of my cat.

The poor creature, with others, had been offered up as a sacrifice to the idol. The old man was later removed to an asylum.—*S. Macdonald, London.*

Not on the Links

Once, having an office on the fifth floor of a city building, I had for neighbour a tall, taciturn man, who would barely return my greetings.

Repeatedly I used to notice down-at-heel fellows going to his office. Also, he would often take a bucketful of golf-balls and let the tap run on them whilst he stirred them with a stick.

All this puzzled me, till one day when going upstairs I met him coming down—between two policemen.

My neighbour had been a receiver of stolen golf-balls.—*C. W., Preston.*

His Holiday

He stayed within doors all the morning, and in the afternoon, immaculately dressed, he lounged about town.

His wife said he had a private income. But on many occasions I saw him stealthily leave his house about midnight by the back gate.

Then for some time I did not see him at all, and his wife said that he had gone away for a holiday.

Shortly afterwards I learned that he was spending his "holiday" as a guest of the State—for attempted burglary.—*Coochie.*

The Witch

She is under 5 ft. in stature, a hunchback, and lives alone. Her only income is money she extracts from credulous women and girls by telling fortunes.

Though outwardly repulsive, she yet possesses a peculiar fascination, as I myself know.

On the only occasion I entered her home she, in return for a kind action I did, gave me a charm, and prophesied many things relating to my future, only one of which came true.

But uncanny tales are told about her, and I should not regret if she moved further afield.—*B11, Sunderland.*

Mantle of Secrecy

It being war-time, I was naturally suspicious when a foreign-looking man moved into the house next door.

I was a special constable at the time, and when passing the house one night I thought my suspicions were confirmed by seeing mysterious flashes of light coming from my neighbour's cellar.

I obtained help, raided the house, and charged the fellow with conspiring against the realm.

But, alas! for my dreams of reward. The man was a Swiss waiter, seeking to improve his position by experimenting with incandescent gas-mantles.—*S. Spence, Leeds.*

All Quiet

Two years ago I came to this house, and have never yet seen my neighbours at the back of the house. They are quiet, so I cannot really complain.

Visitors come and go, and often I am struck by the sadness on their faces, and feel that they could tell me stories, if they would, of great sorrow.

Sometimes they bring gifts of beautiful flowers, which they leave behind them.

When I hear my friends talk of quarrelsome neighbours I am thankful, after all, that my house backs on to the cemetery.—*L. C., Hull.*

Tapping Out His Bread

He is tall and thin, with cadaverous face and bowed shoulders. Children do not like him because of the fearsome scowl which cloaks his face when he sees them.

At night, through the wall, we hear "tap—tap-tap—tap." We used to sit and listen, and wonder.

That was before we knew him. Now we laugh at our old suspicions and fears, for we know that his forbidding exterior hides one of the shyest, most lovable characters known.

The sinister "tap-tap" was only the sound of the typewriter on which he types the stories by which he earns his living.—*"J. Carno," Devon.*

Rag-bone Suspicion

Some years ago, when I was but a lad, I became curious regarding the sinister movements of our next-door neighbour.

An occasional glimpse of him revealed a dirty, unshaven face, and a tall, spare, shabby figure.

As no one ever visited him except the rent-collector, whom he paid every week, I became suspicious.

One day I decided to follow him, and, to my amazement, when he proceeded to an adjoining town, he produced a sack, and cleared up my little mystery by shouting "Rags and bones."—*L. H., Mansfield.*

Rats!

We never saw him except on Sundays, when he was very smartly dressed, and occasionally in the late evening, when he went out looking very shabby.

All day long the house was dead quiet; but there was often considerable noise in the early hours of the morning.

His wife was quite nice, but very reticent about his affairs; and we were convinced that he was a burglar until one day we saw his picture in the local paper. He was a professional rat-catcher.—*J. S., Newbury.*

Taking Tips

At night a man's figure might be seen issuing from the house next door and hurrying away into the shadows.

Never was he seen in the daytime, and, night and nefarious deeds being associated, I concluded that my neighbour was a crook.

Cries of terror aroused me one night, and, cautiously stealing in next door armed with a poker, I found his little lonely child huddled on a couch. The down-at-heel maid had decamped.

I took the child home with me, and in the morning indignantly interviewed the father. He was a night waiter, and a widower.—*C. A., Glasgow.*

Pulpit Groans

A friend of mine lived next door to a man from whose house fearful groans proceeded at night.

At times these groans would rise in a crescendo-like fashion and then sink to a gentle murmur. It sounded devilish.

At length my friend summoned up courage to ask the man's wife what caused her husband to groan.

She replied: "He doesn't groan. He likes to practise his sermons before delivering them."

The sinister neighbour was a local preacher.—*A. C. Williams, Kent.*

* * *

Letters in Little

My sinister neighbour would rob a cripple of his crutch if by so doing she could sell it to someone else and thereby "make a bit."—*Rhymney.*

I had information of a job, but my wife told my neighbour's wife about it, and her husband got there before me and secured the job.—*J. S., Edin.*

My sinister neighbour is my husband. He is always drunk.—*G. L., Birkenhead.*

It is worth while discovering the good side of people who are supposed to have nothing but bad sides.—*M., Hants.*

The best thing our Government can do is to offer Free Trade to all countries who are willing to reciprocate.—*S. J. B., Leyton.*

Never was there a truer saying than "God and the soldier are only looked up to in time of trouble."—*Justice*

Some parents treat the rearing of large families as a business, or rather as an insurance against adversity in their old age.—*J. L., Edinburgh.*

Sir Wyndham Childs is using his days of retirement in an effort to make England safe for democracy and for everyone.—*E. K., Brigg.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

"Micky" riding better than ever

Nursed *for the* Nurseries

THE nursery season is here once again, and some of those bright juveniles who for the past few months have been well down the course time after time will be doing their stables a few good turns.

"Readying" youngsters for the two-year-old handicaps is an ancient game, but it can be made well worth while.

This branch of the sport, with its big fields, affords splendid opportunities for betting coups. Moreover, one can hardly blame the handicapper for unpleasant turn-ups; his lot—like the policeman's—is not a happy one.

When the youngsters have been racing at level weights against each other for half the season without earning anything except an occasional hiding, one cannot expect them to arrive at their respective merits first go off.

Jarvie was a good friend to punters as a horse, but his two-year-old career was amazing. Up to the time of the nurseries he ran unplaced and unbacked three times. Then he put up a hat-trick in juvenile handicaps, starting at 6 to 4, 6 to 4, and 11 to 8 on, beating his fields every time.

There are plenty of Jarvies about to-day, and I hope to code a few. However, you will always get a straight deal by following the horses sheltered in Mr. Beary's clever little stable at Tilshead.

John and Michael make a very powerful combination, and I have never known "Micky" to ride better than this season.

Letters reach me from all parts of the globe. This week one arrived from "John Bullite" in Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

Twelve months ago I sent him Arctic Star for the Cesarewitch. Now he wants the back-end double. I am suggesting Alacrity and Ghost Train.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 5, to Wednesday, September 11, and will then be revised.

Q Z H T I S 3 2 E M W D P I
R N L U A 9 O K F J V G X B

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. U3JXFIQUQFF would read TOM PEACOCK TREE. "SILVER RING."

Quality's Everything—

when buying whisky. Especially as all brands cost the same.

So if you are wise, and want best value for your money, ask for Johnnie Walker—the whisky of *guaranteed* quality which never varies the world over.

As for purity and maturity—they of course go without saying if the label says

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AND *NOW* A REAL SETTEE & A REAL BED ALL IN ONE

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In the heart of London's shopping centre, three doors from Oxford Circus Tube Station and just near the Palladium, are the largest showrooms in the country, devoted exclusively to "Stay-the-Night" bed settees. Inspect the range from 10 gns. to 25 gns.

OUR GUARANTEE . . . . . .

The "Stay-the-Night" is guaranteed for all time against any fault in material and construction. If, for any reason, it is not satisfactory after first instalment and returned within 7 days of purchase, we will refund money and carriage costs.

MODEL D.

Covered in art coloured damask of hard wearing quality. Seat and back fully sprung and comfortably upholstered, including steel frame, wire mesh spring mattress, with hygienic wall filled loose overlay and mattress spread. Size when closed 5ft. 6ins. by 3ft., and open 6 ft. 3ins. by 4ft. When ordering, please state predominating colour of covering or ask for full range of patterns.

14½ GNS. *nett cash or delivered free on first payment of* **12/9** *Purchase completed by 25 similar monthly payments.*

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★ Please send me full particulars and patterns of the "Stay-the-Night" Bed Settee.

Name.....
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address.....

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★ *Strike out the words not applicable.*

Land this whale of a prize—

HERE is another big haul of £500 waiting to be brought to the bank. Don't let the opportunity slip—make up your mind now to hook "John Bull's" £500 Square and Fair Crossword Cash Prize, which must be landed by simple crossword skill—there is also another £50 offered for runners up.

An equal opportunity for all!

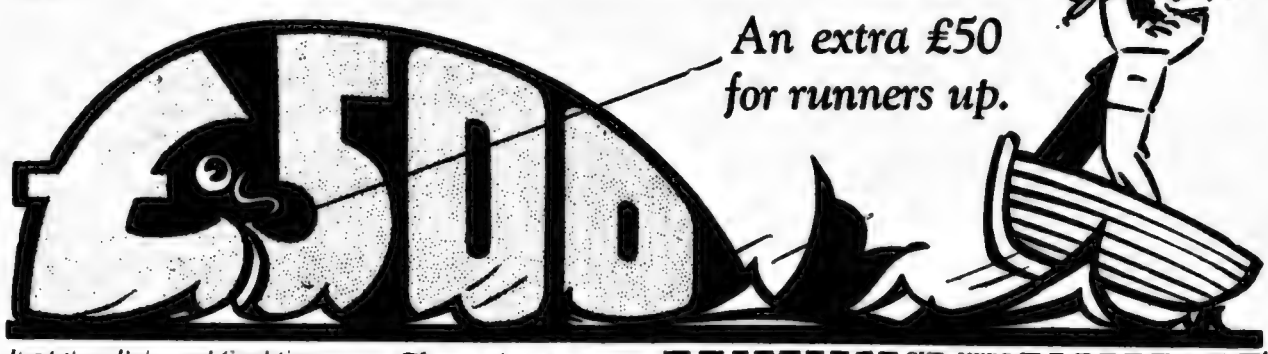
"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 29, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity —no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry —entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), September 12th.

Closing Date
THURSDAY (noon), SEPT. 12th. Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 26 appears on page 34.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 19th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 26th.

JOHN BULL'S £500 Must-be-won X-Word

An extra £50 for runners up.



Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully:

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN INK, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1 d. stamp and post to —
"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 29), 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, Sept. 12th.
Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed — & Co., and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, September 26th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, October 1st,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.
Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Clues Across.

1. **Medicine.**
9. **Loud shout.**
10. **Went swiftly.**
11. **Negative.**
12. **Anything.**
14. **Smack.**
15. **To shriek.**
16. **A knight.**
19. **Leap on one leg.**
22. **Small particles of falling liquid.**
24. **Cautious.**
25. **A notion.**
27. **To suppose.**
31. **A circuit.**
32. **Comfort.**
33. **Not affording a firm footing.**
34. **Wily.**

Clues Down.

2. **Aeroplane shed.**
3. **Closed.**
4. **To grasp tightly.**
5. **Cried out.**
6. **Captured.**
7. **A protuberance.**
8. **Stupid.**
13. **Space.**
15. **To exchange.**
17. **Secretly observe.**
18. **A weight.**
19. **Extremity of the arm.**
20. **Crude mineral.**
21. **Legal documents.**
23. **Pertaining to the sun.**
24. **Grape juice.**
26. **To distribute cards.**
28. **A bouquet.**
29. **Useful insect.**
30. **Make effort.**

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 29

Entry Form "A"

29 JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"

29 JB.

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order to SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

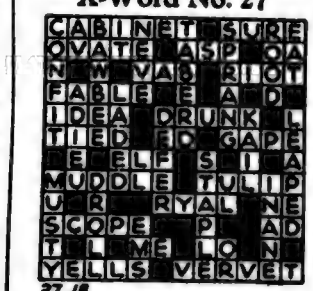
.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), Sept. 12th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 27



27 JB.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 27 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

A Violet with RED HAIR

VIOLET'S parents waited seven years to get the L.C.C. flat where they have now lived since October. They struggled desperately to meet their rent of 14s. 10d. each week.

Then Violet's father was out of work for three months, and though they sold and pawned their cherished possessions, including the wedding-ring, bed-clothes and floor-covering, the rent fell into arrears with the result that 17s. must now be paid weekly in order to clear off by degrees the £5 odd still outstanding.

"Violet's family could be happy"

Violet's father and mother are both aged twenty-six. In their eight years of married life they have tasted their full measure of sorrow.

When their twins (now aged seven) were born the mother was suffering with pleurisy.

One of the twins has a tubercular spine, and his milk costs sevenpence a day. The mother worries over him. "My little boy," she says, "seems ever so ill."

Violet is four. "Since we had Violet," her mother declares, "our luck seems right out." That is because her husband has had long spells of unemployment.

A little while ago she nearly lost him. He was working at cable-laying 70 ft. underground, and contracted double pneumonia and 'flu. She describes him as "a good partner."

Since the birth of their baby, who is three months old, she has had to have all her teeth extracted, as her gums being septic, the baby's health was affected.

In spite of these worries, with a little help from our readers, through "The Greatest of These ——" Fund, Violet's family could be very happy. Her father is working at present for a small wage.

"I do so want to get a pretty home round us; a nice little place for the children to grow up in," is the ambition of Violet's mother.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Ex-Sapper 180,863, 5s.; Exonian, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Aldridge, £1; E. Lacey (Hackney), 2s.; R. Weaver (Bristol), 2s.; F. Curson (Colyton), 6d.; Anon. (Preston), 1s.; E. B. Bolton, 6d.; Helper (Swansea), 2s.; Halpha, 6s.; A. Clarkson (Fulham), £3 3s.; Mrs. C. Singleton, 5s.; "?" 3s. 10d.; H. Fenton, 2s.; Ada Marshall, 1s.; E. Longbottom (Maldegreen), 5s.; S. A. G., 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Bournemouth), 6d.; Mrs. Austen (Boughton), 5s.; Mrs. Petrie (Perth), £1; R. H. Walker (Alexandria), £1; Mrs. M. Brittain (B'ham), 10s.; G. Bennett, 1s.; William the Hermit, 2s. 6d.; Miss J. L. L. Gilliot (Sevenoaks), 1s.; T. B. (Bolton), 1s.; Mary, 5s.; Emily, 6d.; Night (Colne), 1s.; E. C. Guiseley, 2s. 2d.; Night Workers, 1s. 6d.; A Lover of *John Bull*, 5s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; C. Jackson (Halifax), £5; Mrs. Mann (Hastings), 4s.; An Old Miner, 5s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. H. P. Thompson, 5s.; Cholo, £3; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Kilmarnock Reader, 2s. 6d.; Anon, 10s.; Indus Proc, 5s.; Mrs. F. S. Bertha, 6d.; Z62, 574635, 10s.; Mrs. McCrorie, 1s.; Anon (Matlock), 6s.; Anon, Grove, 1s. 6d.; E. H. M., 6d.; Anon (Cullompton), 12s.; E. A. Francis (Elm), 2s. 6d.; Anon (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; M. J. Taylor (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; A. P. P., 2s. 6d.; M. J. L. (Highgate), 4s.; A. H. (Blakenall), 2s. 6d.; A. Gift to God, 1s.; T. L. Skinner (Reading), £25; S. A. O., 1s.; Lest We Forget (Bobbie Bullen), 5s.; Mary, 4½d.; A. K. (Ushton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Mary Page, £2; A Barman, 6d.; Lily D. M., 1s.; Mrs. M. Parker (Hastings), 1s.; F. E. Baker (Barnard Castle), 1s.; Ucalite, 1s.; H. Williams (Eastbourne), 6d.; Alfred Cobble, 1s.; Ronald Dixon, 15s. 8d.; A. Goodacre, 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: F. Tilbert-Stringer; Mrs. Upton; Mrs. S. (West Ealing); L. and K. (Chelmsford); Miss A. Flemons (Luton); For Baby; A. Taylor; Mrs. Dibben; Sympathy (Wimbledon Park); Mrs. E. T. Waltham (folding chair); Alice Daley (Grimsby).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Write to "John Bull" about it!

THE EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

. F. (Bury).—"The modern man is very similar to the primitive one." . . .

L. D. (Loughton).—"Some people grow gracefully." Others attempt the new nces.

N. C. (Wimbledon).—"I have swal- ed my collar-stud." Well, you know ere it is, anyway.

B. T. (Boston).—"I had a sure tip on e Stock Exchange last week." Is that ? How much did you lose?

T. V. (Ventnor).—"Some men take od care of their motor-cars." Others at them like members of the family.

S. D. (Fulham).—"When I'm tired my ain refuses to work." You must have itten to us when you were tired.

E. N. (Grimsby).—"One never realises at a poet has done until after he has d." And then, of course, the fellow safe.

Miss T. C. (Kingswood).—"I showed father the verses my fiancé sent and he was very pleased." Pleased at you were not marrying a poet?

H. N. (Acton).—"People in every walk life seem to think they can write vels." The delusion is particularly pre- lent among novelists.

J. G. (Dover).—"In America there is college giving a course on marriage." suppose the next thing will be a co- pondents' course in divorce.

N. D. (Hythe).—"No ocean flyer has r shaved *en route*." That is remark- le considering the splendid facilities getting rid of the used blade.

Miss O. D. (Battersea).—"I can spin und on my toes thirty-eight times." at will be most useful if you ever ve to get dinner in a kitchenette.

L. K. (Notting Hill).—"My daughter quently comes home with the milk- n." What do you do? Scold the lkman for coming late?

Mrs. B. (Chatham).—"I lost my voice t week." We presume that your hus- nd is not offering a reward for its overy.

H. N. (Balham).—"It's a good thing empts are being made to make the ffic less noisy." But surely a pram ould be allowed to have its rattle?

P. K. (Chertsey).—"There's a time in aryone's life when they feel they can't ld on any longer." The best thing do is to hang up the receiver.

S. A. (Deal).—"Some women are ays in front of a glass." And some n always have a glass in front of em.

N. P. (Salisbury).—"What can I do my people won't let me play the net in the house?" Go out for a w.

G. S. (Coventry).—"More than a thou- d motor-cars are now owned by Fiji anders." The day will come when cannibal tribes will use them instead spears.

L. B. (Bath).—"There is a telescope America which, it is claimed, will gnify a star a million times." That nothing compared with the efforts of e average theatrical Press agent.

C. N. (Hammersmith).—"I never watch the clock." Haven't you ever hired a taxi?

P. L. (Tring).—"I think that sailors should have less tobacco." Sounds like one of those navy cuts.

M. A. (Bedford).—"Is it true that judges are overworked?" They certainly have a trying time.

M. P. (Slough).—"My wife and I work together and the money is all in one pocket." Hers?

K. H. (Bath).—"Where can I go for a high old time in London?" Climb up to Big Ben.

L. K. (Poole).—"A man isn't old if he feels fit." And a woman is as old as she thinks fit.

T. A. (Exeter).—"Wireless has added many new words to the language." Especially when the thing won't work.

D. L. (Frome).—"I once held a note for two minutes." Then your wife can't have wanted a new hat.

B. K. (Staines).—"It is ignorance that makes people lie in the full glare of the sun." A case of ignorance is blisters.

L. P. (Penzance).—"When I write a letter I know what I am writing about." Why not share the secret with us?

H. R. (Chelsea).—"I don't like grey hair." It will probably grow on you in time.

S. L. (Catford).—"Landladies seem to mince everything." Except their words when you don't settle the bill.

G. F. (Bristol).—"I love darkened rooms." We can't see much in them ourselves.

F. C. (Paddington).—"I don't see how we can observe these water restrictions and keep our houses clean." Do your bit by keeping your whisky neat.

J. D. (Notting Hill).—"I used to be plump and healthy, but now look at me." Which is you and which is the walking-stick?

T. J. (Windsor).—"I know of a crook who has started a successful business." We've heard of one who has opened a shop.

J. C. (Gosport).—"I see that a lawyer was recently attacked by two men." Did they both get away with their money all right?

C. M. (London, W.).—"You will notice that there is 'Ritz Hotel' at the top of this letter." Yes, in your own handwriting.

G. M. (New Cross).—"I have made up my mind to propose to her." And she has probably made up her face to accept you.

P. F. (Manchester).—"There are thousands of miserable married men in Manchester alone." How can they be miserable if they are alone?

B. L. (Brighton).—"All through the summer I have been drinking in the sun." And we suppose all through the winter you will be drinking in the Black Horse.

H. C. (Barnes).—"The original razor was an oyster-shell." Our barber still uses it.

T. R. (Poplar).—"What does a working man want with a motor-car?" A garage.

A. S. (Birmingham).—"I went out and got soaked to the skin." From the inside?

H. J. (Bermondsey).—"I only exercised my right." That's sometimes dangerous unless you cultivate a straight left.

E. J. (Stanmore).—"Through wearing one of those turn-down soft collars I have been laid up for days with a violent cold." You seem to have got it in the neck.

. . . If his womenfolk talk too much he goes to his club, whereas his ancestors just reached for it.

G. E. (Pimlico).—"I long for wide, open spaces." It's a pity you missed us yawning at your letter.

L. J. (Derby).—"The picture he painted was a jolly good thing, but it wasn't me." What a jolly good thing!

J. M. S. (Coventry.—"My hand shakes badly when I'm filling up coupons." It's a good *Bullet* we want for the 2,000 Guineas—not good writing. You won't mind the hand-shakes if you're the winner.

GRACE (Blackpool).—"The sun will not blister your skin if it is painted with olive oil." But how is one to get near enough to the sun to paint it.

S. A. (Hitchin).—"My wife says that if I go to Southend I must go by myself." Not every married man gets a chance like that.

R. P. (Lapworth).—"Women are the best story-tellers." At any rate, the one about being detained at the office was first told by a man.

D. A. (Mansfield).—"Singers should keep their heads up while singing." But they should also be prepared to duck them at a moment's notice.

T. E. (Lewes).—"What are your terms for the enclosed article?" Unprintable.

W. Y. (Sutton).—"Ten per cent. of the nation play golf." So do about 3 per cent. of golfers.

L. V. (Wendover).—"There is nothing romantic about the pillion girl." Yet she clings to her youth.

F. C. (Deal).—"Women are now buying their shoes to match their frocks." Their feet will be dreadfully pinched.

K. E. (Farnham).—"What is the greatest invention of the age?" Woman's method of concealing it.

F. P. (Cowes).—"Should poetry be written on one side of the paper only?" Lots of it shouldn't be written on either side.

H. D. (Preston).—"I know I could become a famous author if I had the mind to." No doubt; but, unfortunately, that's just what you haven't got.

S. O. (Wadhurst).—"Why do some girls scream when they're kissed?" Because they want to let other girls know what's happening.

E. K. (Shanklin).—"How much coal do you generally burn during the winter?" About one out of every three lumps that we put on the fire.

F. I. (Worcester).—"It is not a sin to risk a shilling on a horse." Our experience is that there are some horses on which it is a sin to risk as much as sixpence.

R. F. (Cobham).—"It is said that there are now more murders in Philadelphia than in Chicago." The chief reason is, no doubt, that there are so few people left in Chicago to murder.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The Burmese maiden manipulates the oar with HER FOOT, the OTHER HAND holding an umbrella."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"Several women although they had NOTHING gave money to Roeschenthaller."

DAILY NEWS:—"All the EYES of the world are waiting BREATHLESSLY."

THE GIRLS' MIRROR:—"She STARED in her chair, and the MOVEMENT made the broken glass of the picture crack again."

THE WEMBLEY NEWS:—"Always mix starch with soapy water as this will prevent the IRON SHRINKING."

THE SUNDAY POST:—"The three inside forwards persisted in attempting to dribble the BAT through."

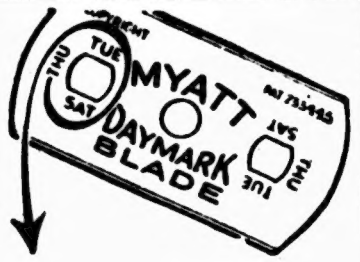
THE SCARLET MADONNA:—"With LANGUOROUS GLANCES from her LYING LIPS."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"Then came the announcement that SEVEN of my toes must be sacrificed to save the WHOLE LIMB."

DAILY MAIL:—"I GOT INTO BED and LOCKED the DOOR."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"In the saddle and harness HORSE classes Mr. Noble Birkett won seven first and second prizes for BORDER LEICESTER SHEEP."

FRONTIER STORIES:—"Many of them had ON ONLY THE CLOTHES THEY WORE."



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General Education
Modern Business Methods

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Heat Engines
Heating, Ventilating and Lighting
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£550 Awarded in "JOHN BULL" CROSS-WORD COMPETITION No. 26.

Correct solutions in Crossword Competition No. 26 were received from the following two competitors, to each of whom subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be dispatched:—

P. J. Adams, 212, Norbury Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
W. Ensley, 60, Meeching Road, Newhaven, Sussex.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 47 competitors who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 7s. 6d.

Baldry, Mrs., Rossall Prep. School, Cleveleys, Lancs.
Blease, Mrs. T. W., 4, Albert Grove, Southsea.
Bole, Miss L., Roseneath, Seaton, Devon.
Boothman, Mrs. H., 73, Jubilee Road, Middleton, Manchester.
Brooks, N. K., 110A, Bradford Street, Farnworth, Lancs.
Brown, J., Craigenethan, Lesmahagow, Lanark.
Burgess, Mrs. K., 328, Mare Street, Hackney, E.8.
Cronsdale, T. H., County Offices, Preston, Lancs.
Curtis, A. E., 10, Salisbury Road, Ipswich.
Daniel, W. P., Dreadnought, Newquay, Card.
Edwards, H., Eastbrook, Beech Grove, Ashton-on-Mersey.
Gates, H., 32, Junction Road, Woodhouse, Sheffield.
Grainger, F., 2, Gladstone Road, Scarborough.
Griffiths, W. E., 27, Marble Hall Road, Llanelly.
Hacker, M., Hillingdon Heath, Uxbridge, Middlesex.
Hall, Mrs. A. M., 10, Grace Street, Blackburn.
Hall, H., 85, Howard Road, Westbury Park, Bristol.
Hallam, Miss H., 72, Faraday Street, Walworth, S.E.
Hewins, H., 210, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.
Jefferson, Ethel, 19, Tower Street, Ulverston, Lancs.
Jones, Mrs. A., 1045, Tenth St., Trafford Park, Manchester.
Jones, Ada, 9, Wordsworth Road, Old Trafford, Manchester.
Jones, R. D., 45, Rugby Road, Leamington Spa.
Knight, W., 62, Hamilton Road, West Norwood, S.E.27.
Leach, Miss S., 21, Willsden Road, Harden, Bingley.
Lee, T. T., 7, Edgecombe Street, Newland Avenue, Hull.
Mabbott, Mrs. J., Coombe, Grampound Road, Cornwall.
Martin, W., 11, Stobcross Street, Glasgow, C.3.
McDiarmid, W.C., Thistleton, Addington Rd., Selsdon, Surrey.
McKenzie, A., 16, The Lawe, South Shields.
Moore, S., 5, Hilton Street, Stalybridge.
Nicholls, Mrs. W., 9, Stanhope Road, Deal, Kent.
Nolan, M. A., 2, Clifton Terrace, Portobello, Edinburgh.
Porteous, Mrs. D., 17, Romilly Street, South Shields.
Roberts, J., 22, Gordon Road, Lower Edmonton, N.9.
Robinson, B. B., 42, Peel's Crescent, Cross Gates, Leeds.
Rule, F. T., 99, Riviera Drive, Southend.
Simpson, Mrs. J., 25, Banks Street, Blackburn.
Sparrow, A. E., 6, Charles Street, Crewe.
Steiner, E. O., 170A, Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
Symons, T. S., 209, Easter Road, Leith.
Taylor, Mrs. F., 27, Oxford Street, Newport, Mon.
Tongue, V., 156, Witton Road, Aston, Birmingham.
Topp, H., Fairfield, Castel, Guernsey.
White, S., 41, Southwater Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Wotton, E., 34, Westbourne Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.
Wright, D., 37, Chester Road, Gillingham.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 32. TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

"Straight as an ARROW"

"John Bull" Pays 211 more cheques

Words Winged by our readers

"THE kindly way in which you have inquired about my son's accident and the prompt way in which you have settled the claim prove that you are as courteous as you are straight—your Free Insurance is as straight as the proverbial arrow." So writes Mr. E. M. Richardson, of 37, Station Street, Wigan, to whom "John Bull" sent a cheque recently. It is the personal attention which "John Bull" gives to applications for benefits which prompts thousands of readers to express their appreciation of our Great Gift in such glowing terms. Would *you* like a cheque to come to you from "John Bull" "straight as an arrow" if fire damaged your possessions or if sickness or accident deprived you of your weekly pay envelope? 211 more cheques have been speeded on their way this week. Sign the forms now.

Owing to lack of space we give the names of a few only who benefit this week.

Fire	Sickness	Home Accidents
Up to £400	*£5 5s. for Measles, Diphtheria, Typhus Fever, Smallpox, etc., etc.*	*£2 per week*
BRADNINCH, DEVON.—Mrs. M. Boundy, Billingsmoor Cottage.	ANDOVER, HANTS.—Mr. W. James Newman, Kimpton.	ALDHAM, COLCHESTER.—Mr. W. J. Gilbert, "Sunnydale," Ford Street.
CANTON, CARDIFF.—Mr. R. G. Duddridge, 6, Blackstone St.	EDINBURGH.—Mrs. E. Lacey, c/o Anderson, 22, Cumberland Street.	ASHINGTON, NORTH'D.—Mrs. A. Cleghorn, 3, Wansbeck Ter.
FRATTON, PORTSMOUTH.—Mr. R. Edwards, 7, Ethel Road.	FOREST GATE, ESSEX.—Mr. R. Cousins, 20, Kitchener Road.	BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. Fred Badham, 7/4, Eastholme, off Garrison Lane.
GUNNISLAKE, CORNWALL.—Mrs. E. Veale, 3, Masons Row, Lower Dimson.	HULL.—Mrs. H. Suddaby, 7, Poplar Terrace, Rosamond St.	CRAWLEY, SUSSEX.—Mr. Geo. D. Bamford, 44, East Park.
IPSWICH.—Mr. C. Dix, 1, East Court, East Street.	HUNTINGDON.—Mr. R. Alban, 23, St. Germain Street.	EARLESTOWN, LANCS.—Mrs. E. Rigby, 6, Clarence Street.
MERSHAM, KENT.—Mrs. C. Coleman, Kingsford Cottage.	LAW, CARLUKE, LANARKSHIRE.—Mr Wm. Kerr, Hill View Cott.	FAVERSHAM, KENT.—Mrs. H. Coggins, Sycamore Lodge, Davington.
PEACEHAVEN, SUSSEX.—Mr. A. Tubb, Hillside Valley Road.	LEEDS.—Mr. S. C. Crook, 68, Headingley Avenue.	GLASGOW.—Mrs. W. Bremner, 33, McLean St., Plantation.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. J. Lindenstruth, 8/1, Brown Street.	MALVERN, WORCS.—Mr. O. Hemming, Cottage, Leigh Sinton.	LEASINGTHORNE, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. I. Oliver, 4, Yew Terrace.
MINSTERLEY, NR. SHREWSBURY.—Mr. Wm. J. Gwilt, Betton Farm, Bromlow.	NORTHALLERTON, YORKS.—Mr. R. E. Archer, The Green, Romanby.	LEICESTER.—Mrs. M. Hill, 14, Pares St., Devonshire St.
TARPORLEY.—Mr. F. A. Farrall, Race Course Farm, Cote Brook.	PORTSMOUTH.—Mr. W. J. Tooley, 118, Cuthbert Rd., Kingston.	LLANTRISANT, GLAM.—Mrs. S. J. Hughes, 25, Ynysmardy Ter., Ynysmardy.
TYNE DOCK.—Mr. J. Ridley, 14 Thornton Avenue.	PRESTONPANS, EAST LOTHIAN.—Mr. Robert Smith, 11, Crown Terrace.	FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.6.—Mrs. J. Humphries, 12, Humbolt Road, Lillie Road.
WILLIAMSTOWN, GLAM.—Mr. W. Hucker, 22, Blanch Street.	SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. C. W. Richardson, 143, Osborne Av.	MANCHESTER.—Mrs. G. Wray, 76, Marlborough Rd., Higher Broughton.
WITHAM FRIARY, FROME.—Mr. J. T. Singer, Hill Farm.	HAYDOCK, NR. ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mrs. L. Gleave, 40, Clipsley Lane.	READING.—Mrs. S. A. Turner, 107, Wykeham Road.
WORCESTER.—Mr. J. Hill, 210, Astwood Road.	WAKEFIELD, YORKS.—Mr. H. Stakes, 6, Doncaster Road.	SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. C. Wynne, 38, Marsden Lane.
RHOSTYLLEN, NR. WREXHAM.—Mr. John Hill, 13, Hill Street.	WELLING, KENT.—Mr. A. Scudder, 6, Orchard Road.	STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.—Mrs. S. J. Hunwicks, 9, Spencer Rd.

"John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Children's Benefits.

OVER 45,000 BENEFITS PAID.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 7/9/29.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

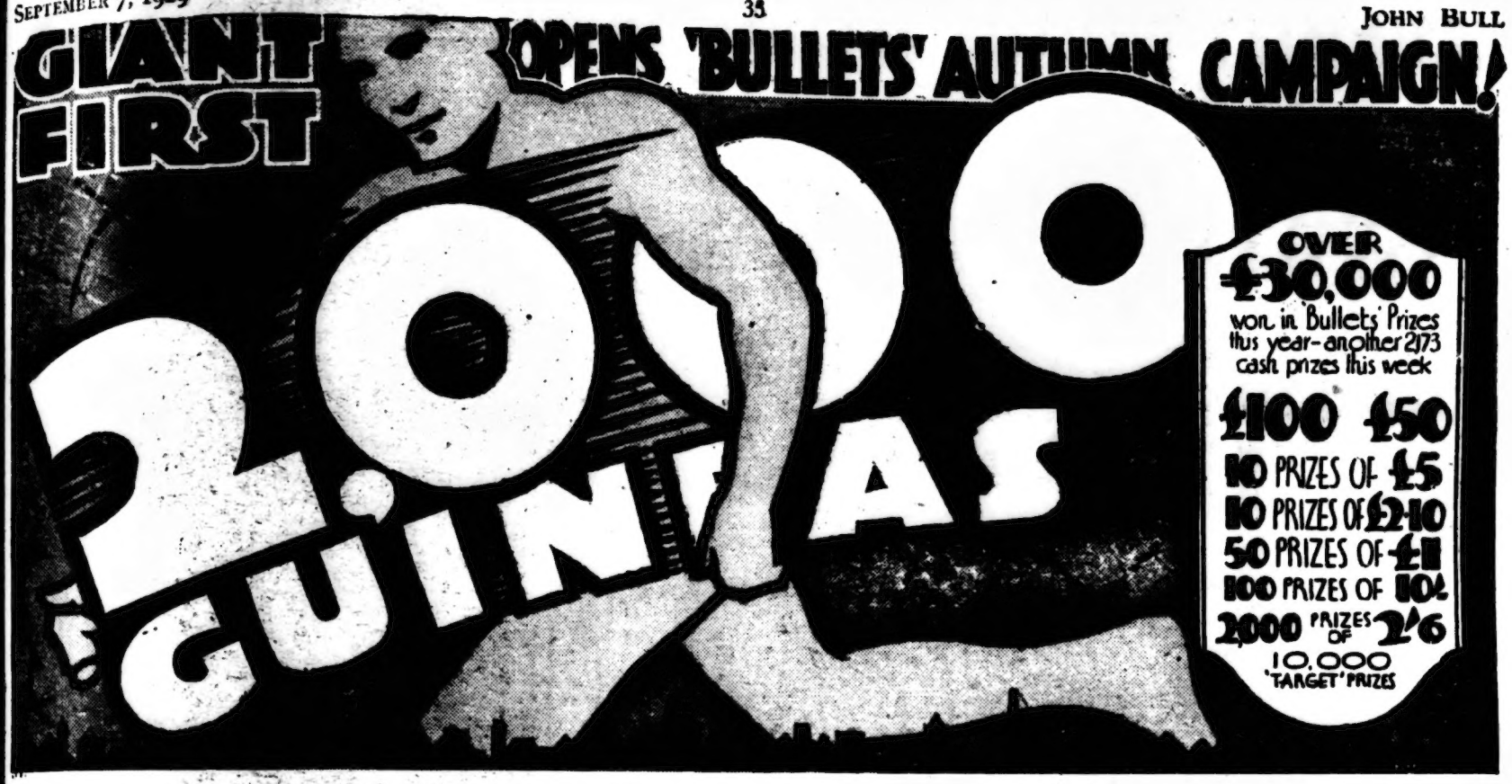
.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 7/9/29.


GIANT FIRST
OPENS 'BULLETS' AUTUMN CAMPAIGN!
2,000 GUINEAS
OVER £30,000 won in 'Bullets' Prizes this year—another 2173 cash prizes this week
£100 £50
10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2·10
50 PRIZES OF £1
100 PRIZES OF 10/-
2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HUGE MUST-BE-WON PRIZE!

SUMMER is on the wane but the *Bullets* Sun is shining brighter than ever. This week we burst forth with a dazzling offer of a First Prize of 2,000 Guineas to open our big Autumn Campaign.

Do not, however, allow the brilliance of the prize to blind you—the huge cheque can be yours and you need not be a giant to carry it off.

All you have to do is to choose one of the *Examples* given on this page and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. If, for instance, you were to choose the *Example* STORMY SEA, the added words YET INDUSTRY'S "CAPTAINS" DOZING, would complete a *Bullet*.

A close examination of the winning *Bullets* below will help you on the road to the 2,000 Guineas.

£1,462 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000, "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 726.

MR. J. MACLEAN, 3, Guthrie Street, Edinburgh.

Example :—HEARD TOO OFTEN
Bullet :—"MOTHER!"—SELDOM HEARD, MOTHER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
R. PHILLIPS, 2, Maesteg Road, Maesteg, Glam.
Example :—NOBODY MINDS
Bullet :—BRITAIN—TILL MIND'S SPOKEN.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
J. R. GOVENLOCK, 358, King Street, Aberdeen.
Example : MAN WITH A FUTURE
Bullet :—FLAPPER PREFERS IT REVERSED.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10 EACH:
W. ANDERSON, 14, Castle St., Aberdeen.
SMART CAPTIVE—SLIPPED *Into* HIS ARMS.
BAILEY, 55, Anne of Cleves Road, Dartford, Kent.
NOT WANTED—SOMETIMES SILENCE "TELLS" YOU.
G. BELL, 48, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.
INDUSTRY—PASSENGER—PROFIT—RISK.
BARNICOTT, 40, Bricksteed Ave., Devizes, Wilts
THEY'RE ON HOLIDAY SO—FORTNIGHT'S "GRACE."
"FROM" SAVING."
H. BRIGHT, 59, Wellington Road, Camborne.
DEBT THE MONEYLENDER—"PIGEON" GOES IN
[illegible] HOUSE.
C. L. M. DAVIES, 3, Egerton Road, London, S.E.
HEARD [illegible] OFTEN—LONDON CALLING—THEN
THAMES.
DAY, Highland Estate, Burgh Road, Skegness.
LEAVING TROUBLES BEHIND—A PROBLEM WHEN
SURROUNDED.
J. DENNISON, Deanston Doune, Perthshire.
HEARD TOO OFTEN—"YOUNG IDIOTS!"—"OLD
FOOLS!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
ENNIS, 5, Main St., Baldoyle, Co. Dublin.
RESTING THE BONDS—"SPHINX" BECOMING
"BIG NOISE."
J. GOMERSALL, 82, Shillbank Lane, Mirfield, Yorks.
MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS—BUSY GOSSIPING—
FORGETS MILKMAN.
J. L. HALL, 108, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.
OUR HOPE—"HAGUE MONUMENT" IN GOLD.
E. E. HOUCHEN, Griston, Nr. Thetford, Norfolk.
THROUGH THICK AND THIN—FRIEND THERE—
THERE'S FRIEND.
W. A. HOWSE, Station Road, Weston-super-Mare.
MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS—NOW HAS "LADY
HELPS."
O. KERSLAKE, 16, Bassein Park Road, London, W.
SHOWS IT'S BRITISH—GOVERNMENT—TO WORLD'S
SURPRISE.
Miss D. LONGSTAFFE, Belmont Villa, Roose Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
MAN WITH A FUTURE—REPARATIONS EXPERT.
A. MARKS, 54, Alvanley Road, West Derby, Liverpool
HONOURS EVEN—BOUGHT PEERAGE—STOPPED
CHEQUE.
Mrs. D. MCGOTT, 43, Chester St., Manchester.
MAN WITH A FUTURE—LEARNED TO SAY "NOW!"
S. I. NORMAN, 14, Perivale Gardens, London, W.
HEARD TOO OFTEN—NEIGHBOUR'S PORTABLE
BECOMES INSUPPORTABLE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Mrs. I. POWELL, 166, Main Street, Glasgow.
NOT WANTED—THEN WANT—NOW, "WANTED."
L. A. WHITE, 28, Lifford Road, Doncaster.
WITHOUT SUCCESS—WOOING, BECAUSE WOOING
SUCCESS.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10s. winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

☞ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.
3. Competitors must write their names and addresses on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly filled on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received will have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
5. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects. Acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
6. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

"Examples" for "Bullets" No. 731.
(Not to be used for current contest.)

Poor Old Britain—Stands Supreme—Muddle-headed — He Had His Chance, But —Nothing Serious—A Safeguard—"Darling!" He Whispered—Man I Envy—Shattered Illusion—Ought To Know Better—Now—Industry's Train—Sensible Husband —Over The Foam—All We Have Left—Old And Feeble—The Germans—Talking To Himself—"Hurrah!"—All Round—War Debts —Laughing Up His Sleeve—I've Heard—The Biggest Fool—There Are Times When—Leap In The Dark—Unlimited—Wicked Price—To Tell The Truth—Fear—Smart Work—Good-bye, Summer.

(Closing Saturday, Sept. 28.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 730.

LIBERTY'S BANNER	TRADE	HEARER
KEEPING HOUSE	HOME IS A CASTLE	MESSAGE OF HOPE
EVERY CHILD	MINER'S JOB	CAN'T STOP
WAY SHE TALKS	ARMS	BY ARBITRATION
STRIKING EVIDENCE	SNEERED AT	CONSCIENTIOUSLY
KING OF TO-DAY	IN THE DESERT	IN CASH
ACCORDING TO THE PICTURES	A SLACKER	POOR BUT HAPPY
OLD ACQUAINTANCE	TANGLED SKEIN	HARDENED CRIMINAL
STORMY SEA	WHAT WE'RE HUNTING FOR	FIGHTING THE WORLD
SURPRISE FOR THE CONFERENCE	WOOING FARE	SEEING THE RED LIGHT
A DEATH WARRANT	A FIRM HAND	A SWOLLEN HEAD
WHEN LAURELS FADE	TAKE MY ADVICE AND	DEEDS NOT WORDS
	HAPPY WOMAN	JUGGLING WITH PRICES
	GETTING IN	"HANDS UP!"

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 730, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 730 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

That reminds me I *must* get Henry a packet of

Sold Everywhere

Blades to-day

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184-188, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1.

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